

# THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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## HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

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[CONTINUED.]

ANGUS, younger of Glengarry, taking advantage of Mackenzie's absence in Mull, gathered as secretly as he could in the latter end of November all the boats and great galleys within his reach, and with this large fleet loaded with his followers, passed through the Kyles under silence of night, and coming to Lochcarron, he sent his marauders ashore in the twilight. The inhabitants perceiving them, escaped to the hills, but the Macdonalds slaughtered the aged men who could not escape, and many of the women and children; seized all the cattle, drove them to the Island of Slumbay, where their boats lay, and filled them with the carcasses. Before, however, they had fully loaded, the alarm having gone through the districts of Lochalsh and Kintail, some of the natives were seen coming in the direction of Lochcarron, when the Macdonalds deemed it prudent to remain no longer, and they set out to sea pursued by a shower of arrows by way of a farewell, which, however, had little effect upon them, as they were already out of range.

The Kintail men now returned by the shortest route to Islandonain, sending twelve of the swiftest of their number across country to Inverinate, where lay, newly built, a twelve-oared galley, which had never been to sea, belonging to Gillecriost MacDonnchaidh, one of Inverinate's tenants. These heroes were back at the castle with the boat before several of their companions had arrived from Lochcarron. During the night they set to work, superintended and encouraged by Lady Mackenzie in person, to make arrangements to meet the enemy. The best men were picked out. She supplied them with all the materials and necessities within her reach, handed the lead and powder to them with her own hands, and gave them two small pieces of brass ordnance. She ordered Duncan MacGhillechriost, a powerful handsome fellow, to take command of the galley in his father's absence, and charged them all with the honour and protection of herself in her husband's absence. This was hardly necessary, for the Kintail men had not forgotten the breach of faith committed by Macdonald regarding the recent agreement to cease hostilities for a stated time, and

other recent sores. Her ladyship wishing them God-speed, they went on their way rejoicing most heartily, and in the best of spirits. She mounted the castle walls, where she stood encouraging them till night—until she could no longer see them.

On their way towards Kylerhea they met a boat from Lochalsh, which came to inform them of the enemy's arrival at Kyleakin. Learning this, they kept their course to the south side of the loch. It was a moonlight night, and calm, with slight showers of snow occasionally falling. The tide had already begun to flow, and judging that the Macdonalds would wait the next turning of the tide to enable them to get through Kylerhea, the Kintail men, longing for their prey, resolved to advance and meet them. They had not proceeded far, rowing very gently, and placing seaweed in the rowlocks so as not to make a noise, when they noticed a boat rowing at the hardest and coming in their direction; but from its small size they thought it must be a boat sent by the Macdonalds in advance to test the passage of Kylerhea. They therefore allowed it to pass unmolested, and proceeded northward to meet, if possible, Macdonald's own galley. When they neared the Cailleach, a low rock midway between both Kyles, they noticed it in the distance covered with snow. The night also favoured them, the sea looking calm, black and mournful to the enemy. Here they met the first galley of the foe, and drawing up near it, they discovered it to be Macdonald's great galley, ahead of the rest of the fleet. Macdonald, as soon as he noticed them, called out twice in succession, Who is there? but received no answer, and finding them drawing nearer he called out the third time, when he received in reply a full broadside from Mackenzie's cannon, which disabled his galley and threw her on the rock already mentioned. The men on board Macdonald's galley thought they had been driven on shore, and flocked to the fore part of the boat, striving hard to make their escape, thus capsizing and filling the galley. On discovering their position, seeing a long stretch of sea lay between them and the shore, they became greatly confused. They found themselves completely at the mercy of their enemies, who sent some of their men ashore to dispatch any of the poor wretches who might swim to land, while the rest remained in their boat killing and drowning the unfortunate Macdonalds at pleasure. And such of them as managed to reach the shore were killed or drowned by those on land, not a soul out of the sixty men on board the galley escaping except Angus Macdonald himself, who still breathed, although he had been wounded twice in the head and once in the body. He was yet alive when they took him aboard their galley, but died before morning. Hearing the uproar, several of the Lochalsh people went out with all possible speed, with two smaller boats, under the command of Dougall MacMurchaidh Matthewson, and took part in the fray; but by the time they arrived few of Macdonald's crew were alive. Thus ended the career of young Angus of Glengarry, a chief to whom his followers looked up and whom they justly regarded as a bold and intrepid leader, though deficient in prudence and strategy.

The remainder of Macdonald's fleet, which were, to the number of twenty-one, following behind his own galley, having heard the uproar, returned to Kyleakin in such terror and confusion that each thought his

nearest neighbour was pursuing him. They landed in Strathardale, left their boats "and their ill-cooked beef to these hungry gentlemen," and before they slept they arrived in Sleat, from which place they were sent across to the mainland in some of the laird's small boats. The great concern and anxiety of her ladyship of Islandonain can be easily conceived; for all that she had yet learnt was the simple fact that an engagement of some kind had taken place, and this she only knew from having heard the sound of cannon during the night. Early in the morning she noticed her men returning accompanied by another great galley. This brightened her hopes, and going down to the shore to meet them, she heartily saluted them, and asked if all had gone well with them. "Yea, Madam," answered their leader, Duncan MacGillechriost MacIennan, "We have brought you a new guest, without the loss of a single man, whom we hope is welcome to your ladyship." She looked into the galley and at once recognised the body of young Angus of Glengarry, which she ordered to be carried ashore and properly attended to. The men proposed that he should be buried in the tomb of his predecessors, "Cnoc nan Aingeal," in Lochalsh; but this she declined, observing that if he could her husband would not allow the Macdonalds, dead or alive, any further possession in that locality, and therefore she ordered young Glengarry to be buried with her own children, and such other children of the predecessors of the Mackenzies of Kintail as were buried in Kilduich, saying that she considered it no disparagement for him to be buried with such cousins, and if it were her own fate to die in Kintail, she would desire to be buried amongst them. This proposal was agreed to, and everything being ready suitable for the funeral of a gentleman of his rank—such as the place could afford in the circumstances—he was next day buried in Kilduich, in the same tomb as Mackenzie's own children. This is not the common tradition regarding young Angus Macdonald's burial; but we are glad to find, for the credit of our common humanity, the following conclusive testimony in an imperfect but excellently-written MS. of the seventeenth century, and which we found in every respect remarkably correct and trustworthy:—"Some person, out of what reason I cannot tell, will needs affirm he was buried in the church door, as men go out and in, which to my certain knowledge is a malicious lie, for with my very eyes I have seen his head raised out of the same grave and returned again, wherein there was two small cuts, noways deep."

The author of the Letterfearn MS. informs us that MacLean had actually invaded Ardnamurchan, and carried fire and sword into those and the adjoining territories of the Macdonalds, whereupon the Earl of Argyll, who claimed the Macdonalds as his vassals and dependants, obtained criminal letters against MacLean, who sent for his brother-in-law, Mackenzie of Kintail, at whose request he had invaded the country of the Macdonalds. Both started for Inveraray. The Earl seemed very determined to punish MacLean, but Mackenzie informed him that "he should rather be blamed for it than MacLean, and the King and Council than either of them, for he having obtained, upon good grounds, a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry and such as would assist him, and against these men's rebellion and wicked courses, which frequently his lordship seemed to own, that he did charge, as he did severall others of the king's loyal sub-

jects, MacLean to assist him." So that, if MacLean was to be punished for acting as his friend and a loyal subject, he hoped to be heard by the King and Council under whose orders he acted. After considerable discussion, they all parted good friends, Argyll agreeing not to molest MacLean any further. Mackenzie and MacLean returned to Duart, where his lordship was warmly received and sumptuously entertained by MacLean's immediate friends and kinsmen for the services which he had just rendered to their chief. While thus employed, a messenger arrived from Mackenzie's lady and the Kintail men. After young Glengarry's funeral, she became concerned about her husband's safe return, and at the same time was most anxious that he would be advised of the state of matters at home. She therefore dispatched Robert Mac Dhomh'uill Uidhir to arrange the safest plan for bringing her lord safely home, as the Macdonalds were still prowling among the creeks and bays further south. Robert, after the interchange of certain preliminaries, informed his master of all that had taken place during his absence. MacLean, amazed to hear of such gallant conduct in the absence of their chief, asked Mackenzie if any of his own kinsmen were amongst them, and being informed there was not, MacLean replied, "It was a great and audacious deed to be done by fellows." "Truly, MacLean," returned Mackenzie, "they were not fellows that were there, but prime gentlemen, and such fellows as would act the enterprise better than myself and kinsmen." "You have very great reason to make the more of them," said MacLean; "he is a happy superior who has such a following." Both chiefs then went to consult as to the best and safest means for Mackenzie's homeward journey. MacLean offered him all his chief and best men to accompany him home by land, but this he declined, saying that he would not put him to such inconvenience, and would just return home in his own boat as he came; but MacLean ultimately persuaded him to take his own great galley, Mackenzie's own being only a small one. So he sailed in his friend's great birlinn, under the command of the Captain of Cairnburgh, accompanied by several other gentlemen of the MacLeans.

In the meantime, the Macdonalds, aware that Mackenzie had not yet returned from Mull, "convened all the boats and galleys they could, to a certain island which lay in his course, and which he could not avoid passing. So, coming within sight of the island, having a good prospect, a number of boats, after they had ebbed in a certain harbour, and men also, making ready to set out to sea. This occasioned the captain to use a stratagem, and steer directly to the harbour, and still as they came forward he caused lower the sail, which the other party perceiving made them forbear putting out their boats, persuading themselves that it was a galley they expected from Ardnamurchan, but they had no sooner come forgainst the harbour but the captain caused hoist sail, set oars and steers aside, immediately bangs up a bag-piper and gives them shots. The rest, finding the cheat and their own mistake, made such a hurly-burly setting out their boats, with their haste they broke some of them, and some of themselves were bruised and had broken shins also for their prey, and such (boats) as went out whole, perceiving the galley so far off, thought it was folly to pursue her any further, they all returned wiser than they came from home."

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"This is, notwithstanding other men's reports, the true and real narration of Glengarry Younger his progress, of the Kintail men their meeting him in Kyle Rhea, of my lord's coming from Mull, and of the whole success, which I have heard *verbatim* not only from one but from several that were present at their actings." \*

Mackenzie landed at Islandonain late at night, and found his lady still entertaining her brave Kintail men after their return from Glengarry's funeral. While much concerned about his troublesome relative's death, he heartily congratulated his gallant retainers on the excellent manner in which they had protected his interests during his absence. Feeling that the Macdonalds would never rest satisfied until they wiped out the death of their leader, Mackenzie determined to clear them out of the district altogether. The castle of Strome, still in possession of Glengarry, was the greatest obstacle in carrying out this resolution. It was most convenient for the Macdonalds, always finding it a good asylum when pursued by Mackenzie's followers. To show how it was taken, we shall again quote from the "Ancient MS." simply modernizing the spelling:—"In the spring of the following year, Lord Kintail gathered together considerable forces and besieged the castle of Strome in Lochcarron, which at first held out very manfully, and would not surrender, though several terms were offered, which he (Mackenzie) finding, not willing to lose his men, resolved to raise the siege for a time; but the defenders were so unfortunate as to have their powder damaged by the women they had within. Having sent them out by silence of night to draw in water, out of a well that lay just at the entrance of the castle, the silly women were in such fear, and the room they brought the water into being so dark for want of light, when they came in they poured the water into a vat, missing the right one, wherein the few barrels of powder they had lay. And in the morning, when the men came for more powder, having exhausted the supply of the previous day, they found the barrels of powder floating in the vat; so they began to rail and abuse the poor women, which the fore-mentioned Duncan Mac Ian Mhic Ghillechallum, still a prisoner in the castle, hearing, as he was at liberty through the house, having promised and made solemn oath that he would never come out of the door until he was ransomed or otherwise relieved." This he was obliged to do to save his life. But having discovered the accident which befel the powder, he accompanied his keepers to the ramparts of the castle, when he noticed his countrymen packing up their baggage as if intending to raise the siege. Duncan instantly threw his plaid over the head of the man that stood next to him, and jumped over the wall on to a large dung heap that stood immediately below. He was a little stunned, but instantly recovered himself, flew with the fleetness of a deer to Mackenzie's camp, and informed his chief of the state of matters within the stronghold. Kintail renewed the siege and brought his scaling ladders nearer the castle. The defenders seeing this, and knowing that their mishap and consequent plight had been disclosed by Duncan to the enemy, they offered to yield up the castle on condition that their lives were spared, and that they be allowed to carry away their baggage. This

\* "Ancient MS.," in our possession, the property of Allangrange.

was readily granted them, and "my lord caused presently blow up the house with powder, which remains there in heaps to this day. He lost only but two Kenlochow men at the siege. Andrew Monro of Tean-nouher (Novar) was wounded, with two or three others, and so dissolved the camp."

The author of the Letterfearn MS. writes, regarding the castle of Strome:—"The rooms are to be seen yet. It stood on a high rock, which extended in the midst of a little bay of the sea westward, which made a harbour or safe port for great boats or vessels of no great burden, on either side of the castle. It was a very convenient place for Alexander Mac Gillespick to dwell in when he had both the countries of Lochalsh and Lochcarron, standing (as it did) on the very march between both." A considerable portion of the walls is still standing, but no trace of any of the apartments. The sea must have receded many feet since the stronghold was in its glory; for now it barely touches the base of the rock on which the ruin stands. We have repeatedly examined the ruin, and ruminated with mixed feelings upon the past history of the fortress, and what its ruined walls, could they only speak, might bear witness to.

In the following year (1603), the chief, Donald Graamach, having died, and the heir being still under age, the Macdonalds, under his cousin, Allan Dubh MacRanuill of Lundy, made an incursion into the Mackenzie country, in Brae Ross, plundered the lands of Cilliechriost, and ferociously set fire to the church during divine service, when fall of men, women, and children; while Glengarry's piper marched round the building cruelly mocking the heartrending wails of the burning women and children, playing the well known pibroch, which has been known ever since under the name of "Cilliechriost," as the family tune of the Macdonalds of Glengarry. "Some of the Macdonalds chiefly concerned in this outrage were afterwards killed by the Mackenzies; but it is somewhat startling to reflect that this terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the commencement of the seventeenth century, without, so far as we can trace, any public notice being taken of such an enormity. In the end, the disputes between the chiefs of Glengarry and Kintail were amicably settled by an arrangement which gave the Ross-shire lands, so long the subject of dispute, entirely to Mackenzie; and the hard terms to which Glengarry was obliged to submit in the private quarrel, seem to have formed the only punishment inflicted on this Clan for the cold-blooded atrocity displayed in the memorable raid on Kilchrist.\*" Eventually Mackenzie succeeded in obtaining a crown charter to the disputed districts of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and others, dated 1607; and the Macdonalds having now lost the three ablest of their leaders, Donald's successor, his second son, Alexander, thought it prudent to seek peace with Mackenzie. This was, after some negotiation, agreed to, and a day appointed for a final settlement.

In the meantime, Kintail sent for twenty-four of his ablest men in Kintail and Lochalsh, and took them, along with the best of his own kinsmen,

\* Gregory, pp. 302 3. For a full account of this atrocious and inhuman act of murder and sacrilege, see Vol. I. pp. 83-86 of the *Celtic Magazine*; or the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," now in the press. Full details will also be given in the forthcoming "History of the Clan Mackenzie" when published separately.

to Baile Chaisteil, where his uncle Grant of Grant resided, to purchase from him a heavy and long-standing claim he had against Glengarry for depredations committed on Grant's neighbouring territories. The latter was unwilling to sell, but ultimately, by the persuasion of mutual friends, he offered to take thirty thousand merks for his claim. Mackenzie's kinsmen and friends from the west were at this time lodged in a great kiln in the neighbourhood, enjoying themselves with some of Grant's men, who came to keep them company. Kintail sent a messenger to the kiln to consult them as to whether he would give such a large amount for Grant's "comprising" against Glengarry. They patiently listened to the messenger until he had finished, when they told him to go back and tell his chief, that if they had not had great hopes that Grant would "give that paper as a gift to his nephew after all his trouble," he would not have been allowed to cross the Ferry of Ardersier; for they would like to know where he could find such a large sum, unless he intended to harry them and his other friends, who had already suffered sufficiently in the wars with Glengarry; and, so saying, they took to their arms, and desired the messenger to tell Mackenzie that it was their wish that he should leave that paper where it was. And if he desired to have it, they would sooner venture their own persons and those of their friends at home to secure it by force, than to give a sum which it would probably be more difficult to procure than to dispossess Glengarry altogether by their doughty arms. They then left the kiln, and sent one of their own number for their master, who, arriving, was strongly abused for entertaining such an extravagant proposal, and requested to leave the place at once. This he consented to do, and went to inform his uncle Grant that his friends would not hear of his giving such a large sum, and that he preferred to dispense with the claim against Glengarry altogether than lose the goodwill and friendship of his retainers, who had so often endangered their lives and fortunes in his quarrels. Meanwhile, one of the Grants who had been in the kiln communicated to his master the nature of the conversation which had passed there when the message about the price asked was received by Mackenzie's followers. This made such an impression upon Grant and his advisers, that he prevailed upon Mackenzie, who was about starting for home, to remain another night. This he consented to do, and before morning he obtained the "paper" for ten thousand merks, a third of the original sum asked for it.

"Such familiar relationship of the chief with his people," our authority says, "may now-a-days be thought fabulous; but whoever considers the unity, correspondence, and amity that was so well kept and entertained betwixt superiors and their followers and vassals in former ages, besides as it is now-a-days, he need not think it so; and I may truly say that there was no clan in the Highlands of Scotland that would compete with the Mackenzies, their vassals and followers, as to that; and it is sure their superiors in former times would not grant their daughters in marriage without their consent. Nor durst the meanest of them, on the other hand, give theirs to any stranger without the superior's consent; and I heard in Earl Colin's time of a Kintail man that gave his daughter in marriage to a gentleman in a neighbouring country without the earl's consent, who never after had kindness for the giver, and, I may say, is

yet the blackest marriage for that country, and others also, that ever was among their commons. But it may be objected that now-a-days their commons' advice or consent in any matter of consequence is not so requisite, whereas there are many substantial friends to advise with ; but its an old Scots phrase, 'A king's advice may fall from a fool's head.' I confess that is true where friends are real friends, but we ordinarily find, and partly know by experience, that, where friends or kinsmen become great and rich in interest, they readily become emulous, and will ordinarily advise for themselves if in the least it may hinder them from becoming a chief or head of a family, and forget their former headship, which was one of the greatest faults, as also the ruin of Monro of Mil-town, whereas a common man will never eye to become a chief so long as he is in that state, and therefore will advise his chief or superior the more freely."

The day appointed for Mackenzie and Glengarry's meeting finally to arrange terms arrived. The former had meanwhile bought up several decreets and claims against Glengarry, at the instance of neighbouring proprietors, for "cost, skaith and damage" done to them, which altogether amounted to a greater sum than the whole of Macdonald's lands were in those days worth. They, however, settled their disputes by an arrangement which secured absolutely to Mackenzie all Glengarry's lands in Ross, and the superiority of all his other lands, but the latter Glengarry was to hold, Mackenzie paying him a small feu as superior. In consideration of these humiliating concessions by Glengarry, Mackenzie agreed to pay twenty thousand merks, Scots money, and thus ended for ever the ancient and long-continued quarrels between these powerful families.

In the words of the Earl of Cromarty, Kenneth, first Lord of Kintail, "was truly of an heroic temper, but of a spirit too great for his estates, perhaps for his country, yet bounded by his station, so as he (his father) resolved to seek employment for him abroad ; but no sooner had he gone to France, but Glengarry most outrageously, without any cause, and against all equity and law, convokes multitudes of people and invades his estates, sacking, burning, and destroying all. Kenneth's friends sent John Mackenzie of Tollie to inform him of these wrongs, whereupon he made a speedy return to an affair so urgent, and so suitable to his genius, for as he never offered wrong so he never suffered any. His heat did not overwhelm his wit, for he took a legal procedure, obtained a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry and his complices, which he prosecuted so bravely as in a short time by himself and his brother he soon forced them to retreat from his lands, and following them to their own hills, he soon dissipated and destroyed them, that young Glengarry and many others of their boldest and most outrageous were killed, and the rest forced to shelter themselves amongst the other Macdonalds in the Islands and remote Highlands, leaving all their estates (in the West) to Kenneth's disposal. This refers to the atrocious affair of Cillechrist narrated elsewhere, and the consequent depression of the house of Glengarry after this period (1603). This tribe of the Clan Ranald seem to have been too barbarous for even those lawless times, while by a strange contumacy in latter times, a representative of that ancient family pertinaciously continued to proclaim its infamy and downfall by the adherence to the wild strain

of bagpipe music (their family pibroch called Cillechriost), at once indicative of its shame and submission. Kenneth's character and policies were of a higher order, and in the result he was everywhere the gainer by them." He was supported by Murdoch, the second of the family of Redcastle; Alexander of Coul, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, and Alexander of Kilcoy, the three latter being his own brothers; all persons of more than common intelligence and intrepidity.

Lord Kenneth first married Ann, daughter of George Ross of Balnagown, and had issue by her—first, Colin "Ruadh," his successor, created first Earl of Seaforth; second, John of Lochslin, who married Isobel, eldest daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, fourth of Gairloch, and died without lawful issue; and third, Kenneth, who died unmarried. By this marriage he also had two daughters, Barbara, who married Donald, Lord Reay; and Janet, married to Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, Baronet. Kenneth married, secondly, Isobel, daughter of Sir Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie, by whom he had issue; George, who afterwards succeeded Earl Colin as second Earl of Seaforth; Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, and Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin. Simon was twice married and left a numerous offspring, who shall afterwards be more particularly referred to, as he is generally believed to have carried on the male line of the ancient family of Kintail. Kenneth had also a daughter, Sibella, by the second marriage. She first married John Macleod of Harris; secondly, Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat; and thirdly, Patrick Grant, Tutor of Grant. His lordship appears also to have had two other sons, who died young, John, first designated of Lochslin, and Alexander. He died in 1611; was buried "with great triumph" at Chanonry, and was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son.

*(To be Continued.)*

**GENEALOGICAL TABLES OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.**—This great clan may safely be congratulated on the amount of attention it is receiving. Within a few weeks of the issue of a prospectus of a History of the Clan, by the editor of this Magazine, a circular is issued intimating a set of "Genealogical Tables" of the clan, from the first of the name to the present time, prepared by Major Mackenzie of Findon, compiled from the papers of his late brother, Mr Lewis M. Mackenzie; a gentleman who devoted many years to the collection of everything which would throw light on the great clan to which he was proud to belong. These Tables show the origin, succession, and relationship of the different families of the clan; as also, particulars of the various marriages between some of its members and many of the most illustrious families in England and Scotland. We are glad to find that the descent and lines of the Earls of Ross, the Lords of the Isles, and the MacDougalls of Lorne, and others—families closely connected with the Mackenzies by various marriages and descent—are to be given. Nothing now remains but for the clan themselves to do their duty and support those who are spending valuable time and labour in unearthing and recording in a permanent form the Origin, Descent, History, and Traditions of their forbears. Our own efforts are, in this respect, in a fair way of being handsomely and substantially appreciated; and we trust Major Mackenzie will receive the encouragement he so well deserves. We have now before us the proof sheets of a few of the principal Tables, and we are in a position to state that they are marvellously correct, and full in their details. For full particulars we refer the reader to another part of the Magazine.

## NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.\*

BY ALEX. FRASER, ACCOUNTANT.

## II.

IN the vicinity of Inverness wells are very numerous, and as more or less interest attaches to all, we shall dwell upon them at more length, especially as hitherto most of them have escaped any particular observation.

Taking then the left bank of the river Ness, we have, at Englishtown, near Bunchrew, "Fuaran a' Chladaich," or Sea-well, also called "The General's Well." Tradition says that General Wade resided for a time at Englishtown, and hence the latter name. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that a General Fraser had his abode there for some time, to whom the name may be more justly attributed. It has been suggested that the name might have arisen from the fact of the well being a place of "general" resort; but on the same ground every much-frequented one might, with equal propriety, be so styled. Old people called this, as we have said, the Sea-well, and we prefer to continue this name. It is covered by the tide to the depth sometimes of four feet, and we are informed by Mr Cran, Kirkton, on whose farm it may be said to be situated, that even when so covered, the cattle rush in and freely partake, for the water bubbles up with force and in volume sufficient to turn an ordinary mill-wheel. This well was once nicely enclosed with causeway, built up all round within, and made easy of access, of all which traces may yet be seen. There are three other wells of a similar kind further down the Firth; one near the Toll below Raigmore, but much further from the shore, and to which stepping stones point the way; a second near the Church of Petty, and a third near Campbelltown. All these, being similarly circumstanced with regard to the tide, were supposed to possess virtues of a like kind, the most noted, however, being that near Englishtown. The number of people who used to flock out thither in spring was quite a nuisance to the farmer, for they trod down and spoilt his crops to gain access, and were not all content to take the same path. Flagon, pails, and other vessels were in request to convey the precious fluid home; and there are many still living in Inverness and its neighbourhood who remember with glee taking part in this solemn and important labour. The drinking of this water was a special remedy for the curing of hooping-cough, not to mention a host of other troubles. In 1832, and still later during other visitations of cholera, all these sea-wells were much resorted to, in the hope that the use of the waters would keep away the scourge.

Next in order, as we approach Inverness, is "Priseag" Well. David Macdonald, an Inverness baker, and a kind of poet, in his verses entitled "The Invernessian Lasses," published in his collection called the "Mountain Heath," sings thus:—

Aurora gilds the orient sky—  
The god of day advances,

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\* With an Account of some interesting Wells in the neighbourhood of Inverness and the North.



And Flora sips the silver dew,  
 While 'mong her flowers she dances.  
 I'll bide me forth to *Priseag fount*,  
 At base of my *Parnassus*—  
 Drink freely, then Craig Phadrick mount  
 To muse on Nessia's lasses.

In a foot note, he says this is "a spring which gushes out of one of the smaller rocks which leads up to Craig Phadrick, in the immediate vicinity of the village of Clachnaharry."

This neighbourhood is historic ground. Close by was fought the clan fight betwixt the Mackintoshes and Munroes in the year 1454, which is commemorated by the monument erected on one of the highest of the rocks, by the late Huntly Robert Duff of Muirtown, about 1834. This rocky spot, though a pretty sight by day, was considered a dangerous locality at night, being much frequented by the enemy of mankind and his friends, who crouched and lurked in the many holes and corners on the watch, and ever alert to annoy some luckless wight who might have to pass by. The arch fiend, while in pursuit on one occasion of a benighted traveller, left the impression of his large palm on the face of one of the rocks, having, as the story goes, succeeded in depriving the victim of a portion of his flowing upper garment. The fairies frequented the pleasant little plateau above and to the west of the spring. The remedy against the cantrips of the latter and the snares of the former was to be in possession, or to have during the day partaken of, the sacred well. This well is said to have been blessed by Saint Kessog, who gives its name to Kessock Ferry, where he miraculously escaped being drowned while crossing, and succeeded in bringing again to life his two charges, the sons of the King of Munster, after they had been drowned. The water of *Priseag* was powerful for the curing of sore eyes, the strengthening of weak eyes, and when silvered, that is, when a silver coin had been immersed in a portion of it, and the mixture imbibed by man or beast, for averting the effect of the evil eye. A crooked sixpence was the best kind of coin, perhaps because it was more commonly met with in those days.

Around Craig Phadrick were several wells, of which some still exist. All were believed to be possessed of some predominating virtue, not to mention those attributed to springs in general. On the top of the hill itself, which the country people long ago called "*Larach an Tigh Mhoir*," "the site of the great house," there was said to have been a well. The same has been said of Knockfarrel, near Dingwall, on which were two, one called St. John's and the other St. Thomas'. One of these was at one time called Fingal's, regarding which we beg to refer our readers to the "*Prophecies of the Brahan Seer*," where will be found some curious circumstances respecting it. With reference to the so-called wells on the tops of vitrified forts, we submit the following communication kindly furnished by Mr Walter Carruthers, President of the "*Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club*," which we think will settle the point as to their existence :—"Mr Matthew Davidson, father of the late Mr James Davidson, superintendent of the Caledonian Canal, was stationed at Clachnaharry, in charge of the Canal works in 1812, and in March of that year, at the request of Mr Telford, the engineer of the Canal, he made a careful

report upon the character and construction of Craig Phadrick. One of the points to which Mr Davidson directed his attention was, whence the occupants of the fort could have derived their supply of water. He says,—"No well could be discovered in the Fort, nor have I heard of any traditionary one being there. Indeed, a well sunk in the rock would have been hopeless labour, as it could not possibly get any other supply than rain water. The water from condensed vapours on the sides of the hill would trickle down the steep rock on all sides of the Fort. When the old trial pits within the Fort were cleared out on the 11th inst., the surface of the rock was found wet, as if a little water had been shed upon it. There is no water to be procured nigher than a spring in the plantation above the farm house of Kinmylies, about 300 feet perpendicularly below the summit of the hill. The south-west entrance has probably been employed for procuring water from this spring. From the scarcity of water and the total want of food, likewise the want of room, cattle could not be admitted for any length of time into the Fort. Perhaps the animal food of those ages was procured by the chase and hunting in the forests only."

Near the Muirtown Toll-house, and on the opposite side of the highway, is "Fuaran Ault an ionnlaid," or the Well of the Washing Burn. It was neatly enclosed, and built round with stone by the late H. R. Duff of Muirtown, of whom we have already spoken, and has the following inscription engraved upon the top stone,—“Luci Fontisque Nymphis,” i.e., “To the Nymphs of the Grove and the Fountain.” At each corner, underneath this, are inscribed the letters “H. R. D.” and the date “1830.” This fountain is pleasantly shaded, beautifully situated, and always affords a cool and refreshing draught. Being the reputed haunt first of the Druid, and afterward of the Priest, its virtues were accordingly numerous and extraordinary. More than one Druid Circle stood in the vicinity, and later there was also close by a chapel. Such spots were always favourites with both Druids and priests. The waters of this spring were reputed to be especially efficacious for the curing of cutaneous diseases. Among the ceremonies to be observed were washing in the passing burn and drinking of the well, both a certain number of times, with the customary formalities of genuflexions and prayers, and hence the name of “Well of the Washing Burn.” It is recorded that a soldier's wife having immersed her child which was affected with scurvy in the healing waters of the fountain, the presiding saint, insulted at the indignity, deprived the place of his presence, and the virtues disappeared. Probably the poor woman, in her anxiety for the welfare of her infant, thought that by going with one bold stroke to the fountain head she would snatch all the benefits of the accumulated virtues at once, in all their force, and so neglected the usual tedious formalities. The above and similar instances of washing call to mind Elisha's message to Naaman the Syrian, of “Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.” The late Angus B. Reach, in a contribution to *Chambers's Journal*, gives a pleasing, fanciful sketch of this well and the locality generally. Montrose, while being conveyed a prisoner from Sutherland to Edinburgh, is said to have quenched his thirst here, the well, easily visible from the high road, having attracted

his attention. That he did so allay the burning heat of the fever under which he was labouring, somewhere hereabouts, is attested by the following graphic picture from the hand of the author of the "Wardlaw Manuscript," which, though often cited, will still bear repetition. Under date of 1650, he writes,—“We are now to set down the fatal *preludium* of one of the noblest generals the age saw in Britain, whose unexampled achievements might form a history; were its volumes far bigger than mine, it would yet be disproportionate to the due praise of this matchless hero. But now I set down that which I was myself eye witness of. The 7th of May, at Lovat, Montrose sat upon a little sheltie horse, without a saddle, but a bundle of rags and straw, and pieces of rope for stirrups, his feet fastened under the horse's belly, and a bit halter for a bridle. He had on a ragged, old dark reddish plaid, and a cap on his head; a musketeer on each side, and his fellow prisoners on foot after him. Thus he was conducted through the country (from Caithness), and near Inverness, upon the road under Muirtown (where he desired to alight, and called for a draught of water, being then in the first crisis of a high fever), the crowd from the town came forth to gaze; the two ministers went there-upon to comfort him. At the end of the bridge, stepping forward, an old woman, Margaret McGeorge, exclaimed and brawled, saying,—‘Montrose, look above, view these ruinous houses of mine, which you occasioned to be burned down when you besieged Inverness;’ yet he never altered his countenance, but with a majesty and state befitting him, kept a countenance high. At the cross was a table covered, and the magistrates treated him with wines, which he would not taste, till allayed with water. The stately prisoners, his officers, stood under a forestair, and drank heartily; I remarked Colonel Hurry, a robust, tall, stately fellow, with a long cut in his cheek. All the way through the streets, he (Montrose) never lowered his aspect. The Provost, Duncan Forbes, taking leave of him at the town's end, said,—‘My Lord, I am sorry for your circumstances.’ He replied,—‘I am sorry for being the object of your pity.’” Below the toll-house referred to, and in the bank of the Canal, was a small mineral spring which attracted attention some thirty years ago. It is now quite forgotten, or has disappeared.

Above the Inverness District Asylum, and immediately below the ascent to Craig Dunain, is “Fuaran a Chragain Bhric,” or the “Well of the Spotted Rock.” This was, in former times, a place of great resort, the waters, among other healing virtues, being supposed to be strongly diuretic. The bushes around were adorned with rags and threads, while pebbles, pins, and shells might be observed in the bottom of the spring. We have seen one juniper bush, close by, so loaded with rags and threads as to be hardly distinguishable. This was also a fairy well, and if a poor mother had a puny, weak child which she supposed had been left by the fairies in place of her own, by exposing it here at night, and leaving some small offering, as a dish of milk, to propitiate the king of fairy land, the bantling would be carried away, and in the morning she would find her own restored and in health. There was a similar well near Tomnahurich, and quite appropriately, for is it not the hill of the fairies? and who does not know that they there interred with becoming pomp and all due solemnity the famous Thomas the Rymer himself? In Skye, there is

another spring which was resorted to for the same purpose, and instances have been mentioned where the deluded parent found her child lying dead on the following morning. A more expeditious and effective method was to make a large roving fire, roll up the supposed changeling loosely, and place it on the top. The door of the house being left open, and water from the nearest sacred well sprinkled about, the suppositious child soon vanished up the chimney with a scream, while the real one was borne in on invisible hands, and deposited safely on the floor. If, after all, the child was not a changeling, it would slowly become unfolded from its wrappings, and roll gently to the earth. We should have observed that salt, to which everything evil has an intense aversion, had to be sprinkled over the fire in the foregoing ceremony.

On the Caplaich Hill, near about where the estates of Dochfour, Relig, and Dochgarroch march, is "Fuaran Dearg," or the "Red Well." It is about two miles south of Dunain Hill. It is a chalybeate spring, and hence the name. There is another of the same kind at Auchnagairn. They are plentiful enough both in the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland. Its circular stone basin was placed there by the late Colonel Charles Maxwell Maclean of Dochgarroch in the year 1822. Of the Red Well it is related that on one occasion while the lairds of Grant and Muirtown were out hunting in the neighbourhood, the former became suddenly ill, but that on partaking of the water he was as suddenly restored. On a late occasion, a large shooting party sat down close by to luncheon, and after his betters had been served, and had gone away to resume their sports, the butler of an ancient house set about spreading an entertainment for "self and friends," and, as a preparatory step, placed three or four bottles of champagne in the well to cool. When the time came for the production of this precious fluid, lo! it was found to have been spirited away. The poor butler looked stupid, not knowing what to say, and was in the position of the fox who, having caught a fat goose, after carefully hiding it, went to invite a friend to dine. But alas! a man had observed the proceeding, removed the goose, and waited to see the result. The friends having returned, and finding no dinner, it was in vain to demonstrate that it had been there. The host looked abashed, the guest angry, and imagining he was befooled, gave his would-be entertainer a sound cuffing, which he received as meekly as if deserved. The butler made what amends he could. Soon after, the hunting party returned loaded with spoil. The homeward procession was formed, and the piper at its head blew up the return march, but in such fashion of gait and action, and such strange music did he discourse, that it was quite clear who the spirit was that caused the champagne to disappear in more than one sense. He had observed the actions of the butler, carried off and emptied the bottles himself.

The last well we shall draw attention to on the left bank of the Ness is that called the "General's Well," a little above the bridge leading into the Islands, and near the entrance to the grounds of Bught. From time immemorial it has borne the same name; though some associate it with Wade, and others with Caulfield, both of whom were frequent visitors in Inverness during the construction of roads in the Highlands. The latter resided for a time at Cradlehall, and gave the place that name after a

kind of *lift* he had invented for conveying his guests upstairs, to save them the trouble of walking, or when they were in such a state after dinner that they were unable to mount the stairs. Others again attribute the name to Captain Godsmen, who was local factor for the Duke of Gordon, and resided and died at Ness House. His remembrance is still kept alive in Inverness by the name "Godsmen's Walk," once a favourite resort. He dressed up the well and neighbourhood, making all easy of access to the public. The spring, however, was put into its present condition about sixty years ago by a Mr Jamieson, who is still alive and resides at Newcastle. He was the son of Charles Jamieson, an Inverness silversmith, a man of some little note in his day, and a bailie of the burgh, of whom the older portion of the natives relate many curious anecdotes. Being so conveniently near the town, it was much frequented, and the number and variety of diseases it could subdue were proportionately great. Its waters were carried away in small and large quantities, far and near. Children and young people affected with rickets were brought to it, and manipulated upon with its waters. To strengthen the virtue of the water, silver coins of all sizes, together with small pebbles, were immersed in the well, and various curious ceremonies were observed. A gentleman, who on one occasion had witnessed the performance, has informed us that in one instance he saw a mother put into the water a half-crown, a shilling, a sixpenny piece, and a groat, as also some small round stones or pebbles. She then stripped her child, and with moistened hands operated upon its ribs and shoulders in a most extraordinary manner, and certainly not at all to the satisfaction of the child, for it howled all the time. This spot is still much frequented, but very few indeed, we imagine, attribute any virtue to the mere drinking of the water or washing with it.

Crossing over through the Islands in the Ness, the next well that occurs to us is that of Aultnaskiach, which is thus celebrated by the local poet already quoted. The poetry is the merest doggerel, but will serve to preserve the memory of the well. He sings, or attempts to sing, as follows :—

At Aultnaskiach's crystal well,  
What joys I feel no tongue can tell ;  
Slinking, winking, drinking deep  
Of the latent, potent, cheap  
Hygeia's spring, pure, pure, from nature's hand,  
The sacred wine of Nessia's mountain land.

The spring exhales a sweet perfume,  
The flowers are gaily springing  
By Aultnaskiach's crystal buru,  
A choir of birds is singing—  
I'll wander there wi' my sweet love,  
Where hazels green shall screen us,  
And talk of soul-fraught tales of bliss  
With charming Jeanie Innes.

This well was situated on the brae face behind the house at the bridge leading to Drummond.

Springs and wells are plentifully scattered over the face of the Leys. From Balrobert onward to the Moor of Culloden, up and down the face of the hill, they are to be met with. There are no less than twelve about Bogbain. These feed the burns and dams which turn all the mills in the valley of Millburn, and that to the east of the "Hut of Health." Near

the Culcabock dam, the late Mr Forbes, chemist, discovered two mineral springs, which caused some little stir at the time.

In the neighbourhood of Leys Castle, are the Bog-well, Stable-well, Stirrup-well, and Road-well. Of none of these have we heard anything very particular. Near Balmore of Culduthel, are "Fuaran na Lair Bàna," or the "White Mare's Well," the fabled resort of a kelpie of very destructive propensities; and the Holy-well, which supplies the farm. The latter had no special characteristics to distinguish it from others of that class, save that it frequently needed a thorough cleansing to keep it in healthy condition. Its sacredness is attributed to its connection with the ceremonies of the ancient religion. Druid circles and stones with rude figures sculptured thereon were once of frequent occurrence all over the Leys, and some of them still remain. Opposite Balmore, by the side of the private road leading to Leys Castle, we have the "Schoolmaster's Well," near which William Mackenzie, one of our Gaelic poets, lived, and "taught the young idea how to shoot," and the possessor thereof to *shout*, for he was very severe, and that during the space of forty years. He bore a loving regard towards this well, and like another Horace celebrated its virtues and the beauties of the locality in song. Though severe during school hours, he was as a poet should be, kind and tender-hearted. His memory is still fresh among the few of the old people who yet survive. To his forcible separation from his beloved well and the neighbourhood he attributed the ill-health which overtook him upon his removal to Inverness, where he died shortly after. The simple-minded in the district, because of the poet's affection for the fountain, attributed to it virtues of which he never dreamed, and long held it in reverence accordingly. It is now, however, sadly neglected, and what with improved drainage and other modern inventions, promises soon to disappear altogether.

By far the most noted well in this quarter was "Fuaran na Ceapaich," or the "Keppoch Well." We say was, as it has disappeared, being covered up and ploughed over, the waters being partly diverted into the adjacent burn, and partly carried into the mansion-house of Culduthel. It was situated above the present smithy, nearly opposite Oldtown of Culduthel, and came, strange to say, from Keppoch in Lochaber, a distance of about sixty miles away. If, however, we consider, this is not after all so very strange. It is related that the famous nymph Arethusa, not liking the attentions of the river god Alpheus, fled from him over hill and dale, and having implored the assistance of Diana, was changed into a fountain. The pursuit still continued, and to aid her votary the goddess opened a path for her under earth and sea; the lover still followed in hot haste, as a god assuredly might, and both rose up again near Syracuse in Sicily, having come all the way from Elis in Greece. Nay, more, we have just quite lately heard of a spring that disappeared from the district of Strathdearn, and re-appeared in an out of the way place in the wilds of Canada, merely to gratify the whim of a silly old man who was unwilling to go and join the rest of his family in the land of promise, to which they had removed many years before, and where they were prospering beyond their fondest hopes, because of his attachment to the spring at the end of his old hut. Being at last compelled to move, we may imagine his astonishment when he recognized the presence of his dear old friend in the new country, and also of that of a large white stone that



stood by its side, on which he was wont to sit on a summer Sabbath's eve reading his bible. In the Leys, water very often appears and disappears in the most annoying and mysterious manner, sometimes gushing gleefully forth as if possessed with a spirit of destructive frolicsomeness, to the dismay of the farmer, in the very midst of a cultivated field. We have been told by a farmer in the district, that during a hot season some years ago, when water was scarce, and consequently had to be conveyed at considerable expense and trouble from a distance, he was exceedingly surprised one day to see a fountain burst open in the very centre of his dairy. This might be said to be a little too convenient, and far from ceremonious. However, the phenomenon lasted throughout the season, and as suddenly disappeared. Now that a better system of drainage has been introduced, such sights will become rare. But to return to the Keppoch Well, we are told its patron saint or presiding genius, being insulted in Lochaber, removed his presence and the health-giving waters to their present site in the Leys. By a person who in his youth was wont to frequent the spring it is described as being possessed of a mineral taste, and of a darkish hue. It was situated in a grove of trees, and afforded a rich supply. He says it was much resorted to from all quarters, and large quantities were carried away for home consumption. No matter what the malady, such was the faith in the beneficial effects of the water that recourse was had to it, and the application of the water was both external and internal. It was considered a special and effective specific in cases of diarrhoea. Another peculiarity about this well was that it could inform those who consulted it whether a sick person would recover or not. For this purpose a piece of wood was placed at the bottom, with a stone above it, and the name of the patient pronounced; if the wood within a given time bubbled up with the water to the surface and floated away, it was life; but if, on the contrary, it remained at the bottom, death was certain. The well also declared whether plighted troth had been violated. If a pin or nail were dropped into the water and descended with the point downward all was safe; but if, on the contrary, the pin or nail turned round and went down head foremost, the accused was guilty. Wells possessed of similar powers are common in England and Wales. No tribute appears to have been paid to the Keppoch Well, which is singular. The usual ceremony, however, of walking round the place from east to west, approaching by the south, had to be observed.

The only other well in the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness we shall notice is that at Culcabock village, called "Fuaran Slagan Dhonna-chaidh," or the "Well of King Duncan's Tomb." Tradition, always stubborn in what it asserts, will have it, in spite of any proof to the contrary, that King Duncan was murdered at Inverness, and buried at a spot near Draikies, not far from this well, called King Duncan's Tomb. The valley through which this spring discharges its contents, and that of Millburn to the west, were in old times considered uncanny places, being believed to be the resort of witches. Here they met safe from intrusion, and practised their devices; among others, that of making clay images of their victims, and placing these in the burns, where they gradually wore away, and so in proportion did their representatives.

## THE CLEARANCE OF THE HIGHLAND GLENS.\*

BY COLIN CHISHOLM, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

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AFTER forty years' absence from this part of the country, I shall state the opinions that I now entertain of matters in the Highlands, and as briefly as possible place before you the impressions on my mind with regard to the most prominent changes in the Highlands during this long interval.

In the first place I feel bound to express my sincere pleasure at the sight of the noble efforts of the Gaelic Society of Inverness to rescue our ancient and venerable language from decay and dissolution. Professor Geddes of Aberdeen says that "it can boast a pedigree better far than that spoken in the highest places in the land, and can claim the start of English on the soil of Britain by ten centuries, and that in a literary form." Professor Morley, of London, states that "a man cannot be a thorough English scholar without a knowledge of Celtic;" and Professor Alison, of Glasgow, said "that the man who speaks two languages is equal to two men, and advances in usefulness at the same ratio for every language he speaks." It augurs well for the development and success of your Society that the Provost, the Chief Magistrates, and the Town Councillors of Inverness have opened the Town Hall of the largest county in Scotland for your deliberations. All thanks to them for it, and for their friendly appearance among us at our principal meetings.

It is a source of pleasure for me to state without favour or prejudice that this town of Inverness has improved in every imaginable respect during the forty years alluded to. In sanitary respects the town is unquestionably 500 per cent. better than it was in my early recollection. In well-designed and stately houses there are portions of Inverness that will compare favourably with, if not surpass, equal lengths of London streets and shops. Large and spacious hotels with every accommodation, comfort and civility; an abundant meat, vegetable, and fish market; suburban villas, and every fanciful architecture. Add to this the daily arrival and departure of railway trains to and from every part of the Kingdom, as well as the steamboats plying both by salt and fresh water. Old nature seems to have designed the town and environs of Inverness as the Madeira of Scotland, but it remained for the scientific acumen of our friend Mr Murdoch to demonstrate the salubrity of the town; and it is satisfactory to note that his labours on this score stand unanswered and unchallenged. My house being on a rising ground above the town where, according to tradition, the Cross or centre of Old Inverness stood, I can see from my windows for many miles, and it is most gratifying to see the surrounding country studded with small but substantial stone and slated houses and offices to correspond with the moderate size of the farms on which they are built. All honour to the proprietors of these estates.

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\* Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

They belong principally to the Baillies of Dochfour, Leys, and Redcastle.

Let us now leave the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness, and wend our way north, south, east, or west, and what do we see on all sides? Large farms infested with game and burrowed like honey-comb by rabbits. If we extend our walk to the Glens, we find them thoroughly cleared—the native population sent to the four quarters of the globe, wild beasts, wild birds, and game of every description in quiet possession and feeding among the crumbled walls of houses where we have seen happy families of stalwart Highlanders reared and educated! This is no exaggeration. During the last twelve months I travelled through the counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, Moray, Banff, Perth, and Argyle; and I can bear testimony to the general depression and desolation caused throughout the Highlands, I maintain, by the operation of the iniquitous Class Laws called Game Laws. They are like the Upas Tree, withering all within their unhallowed atmosphere, sending the bone and sinew of the Highlands to foreign lands. They turn large tracts of country into cheerless and inhospitable deserts. They sever the proverbial and ancient bond of union and attachment between chief and clansman. The chief is distrusted frequently for his acts, communicated through his factor, and the clansman is thereby disheartened. Thus another town-land or perhaps a whole Glen is laid waste and placed at the disposal of wild beasts. The work of destruction and depopulation in the Highlands has gone on so regularly for nearly a hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years, that the few farmers left on the Lowlands have a difficulty in finding servants and labourers to work their farms. Every part of the Highlands through which I have passed seemed to be much in the same way—the surface of the land, as it were, in sombre mourning covered with heather lamenting the absence of the strong arm that used to till and ought to reclaim it, to enable it to fulfil the purposes for which land was given to man, viz., to make it support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness. The law that enables one man to say to another, “I will not cultivate one acre, and I will not allow you to do so,” is most unnatural and most iniquitous in its results.

It is most satisfactory to know, I think, that the British Government has ignored freedom of contract between landlord and tenant in Ireland by the Ulster Tenant Right and the Irish Land Bill of 1870. Since the Bill of 1870 was passed into law the landlord in Ireland is not the judge between his tenants and himself. It is the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, a Government officer, independent of both landlord and tenant, who must decide whether the rent demanded is excessive or not. There may be legal quibbles still in the way of amicable settlements between landlord and tenant in Ireland; but the Land Bill of 1870 seems to me to bear this construction. It is not long since a tenant farmer got £700 damages from his landlord in Ireland for raising his rent and thereby compelling him to leave the farm. At this moment English good sense stands like a bulwark between the landlord and cultivator of the soil in Ireland. Landlords, factors, and leases are no longer supreme in Ireland. The Chairman of Quarter Sessions is arbitrator from this time forward. England abolishes landlordism in Ireland by advancing money through

the Board of Works to every honest tenant who has ambition to purchase his farm in fee simple from his landlord. The repurchase system has made rapid progress in some of the Continental kingdoms of Europe. Notably in Prussia. From the day that Napoleon I. crossed the Rhine the Government of Prussia looked with sorrow and astonishment at the number of young Germans who flocked around Napoleon's standard. They soon discovered that these men were flying from landlord tyranny. Having discovered the cause, they applied the remedy; they valued every farm on large estates throughout Prussia; enacted laws to enable tenants in possession to purchase their farms, and on certain conditions advanced money to enable the farmer to pay for his land. In Austria they have a repurchase system also. They have a land system of their own in France since 1789, one feature of which, I think, is, that no man can derive more than £5000 per annum from land in France. Large landed estates have often been the cause of revolutions and bloodshed.

Macaulay, in his review of Mitford's History of Greece, justly says:—"In Rome the oligarchy was too powerful to be subverted by force, and neither the tribunes nor the popular assemblies, though constitutionally omnipotent, could maintain a successful contest against men who possessed the whole property of the State. Hence the necessity for measures tending to unsettle the whole frame of society and to take away every motive of industry—the abolition of debts and the agrarian laws—propositions absurdly condemned by men who do not consider the circumstances from which they spring. They were the desperate remedies of a desperate disease. In Greece the oligarchical interest was not in general so deeply rooted as in Rome. The multitude, therefore, redressed by force grievances which at Rome were commonly attacked under the form of the Constitution. They drove out or massacred the rich and divided their property." This is ancient history, but the French Revolution of 1789 is modern. Thus we see in ancient and modern history, that the land was the bone of contention. The first grand error of Britons was selling what did not belong to us. That which is on the land belongs to man, because he made it, or helped to rear it, but the land itself belongs to no man, and no generation of men, because they did not make it. The law of England, interpreted by the ablest, expressly declares that man can only hold an estate in land. The modern theory of a general commerce in land was unknown in England till the demise of the Stuart dynasty. More than one half of some English counties was held in common. On the lowest computation, says a report of the Commons Preservation Society, "5,000,000 acres of common land have been enclosed since the reign of Queen Anne." It is not easy in the various and conflicting statements set forth occasionally to estimate the amount of land still unenclosed and subject to common rights in England and Wales. I have seen it put as low as 2,600,000 acres. On the other hand it is stated that so recently as the reign of George III., eight million acres of commonage still remained. There was no pauperism under such a system. Milk, butter, cheese, bacon, poultry, and some sheep were within the reach of all. There was no absolute ownership of land either by great or small, but there was fixity of tenure during good behaviour to all.

The King or Queen, as representing the public, exercised strict, just,

and impartial control. We are no more than trustees for our successors. But we have divested ourselves of the power of compelling any man to cultivate an acre. Yet history tells us that this want of cultivation has on several occasions been very nearly the downfall of England. In the face of all former experience, it is melancholy to see our landed proprietors through the Highlands encouraging a system among us that would not be tolerated in England. The noblemen and capitalists who come among us from England to elbow out of house and home our native population *know too well* that it would be not only impolitic but *most dangerous* to try such experiments on their own countrymen.

Forty years' residence in England convince me that the free, brave, independent, and justice-loving people of England would not tolerate or brook oppression from any man or from any class of men. Instance—how quickly the voice and press of England brought the Earl of Darnley to his knees when he attempted to dispossess one of his tenants near Gravesend some three or four years ago. It may be urged that the dukes and nobles, capitalists, and sportsmen who come among the ruins of farms and villages in the North had no hand in clearing the people out of the way of sheep, deer, and game. Be that as it may, they are in possession, and it was in anticipation of such unscrupulous tenants that the people were driven out, and deprived of farms, houses, and homes. In such cases as these the strong arm of the law ought to interpose between enormous wealth and honest industry.

To prevent you from thinking that I am dealing in generalities only, just imagine that such men as the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Portland come from England annually to imitate our Highland Duke of Athole and Northern Duke of Sutherland, in increasing their stock of deer and extending the size of the Ducal Forests. I ask what chance would the cultivator of the soil have in the same atmosphere with the Ducal Deer? One would think that some, if not all, of these forests were extensive enough. Let us hear what Mr Thomas Graham Murray said of the Forest of Athole while he was under examination by a committee of the House of Commons on the 26th July 1872. In answer to a question, Mr Murray said, "You will find that in Mr Scrope's book he gives a calculation of the number of acres. His book was written in the time of Duke John, about the year 1828 or 1829, and he makes the whole forest 135,000 acres; but of that 51,000 acres were then under deer, the rest being grouse ground. And you will observe that it is just about the quantity that it is now. I do not think there has been any change scarcely since that time." Further on in his evidence, Mr Murray, speaking of the Athole Forest, says:—"It has been a forest from time immemorial." Mr Murray, is one of the first, and probably one of the most honourable lawyers in the kingdom. He tells us the extent of Athole Forest, but cannot tell us how long that enormous amount of land has been lost to the community.

Ordinary mortals might think this extent of forest, with its "five to seven thousand deer as estimated by Mr Scrope," ought to satisfy the slaughtering propensities even of a Duke. But nothing of the sort. Last year his Grace of Athole added about 10,000 acres to his old deer forest. The lands cleared for that purpose are Glenmore and Glenbeg,

with the Glen of Cromalt and the different smaller glens and corries that branch off from the above-mentioned glens.

Be it remembered, however, that all this misappropriation of land is perfectly legal and legitimate according to the present usages of society. Nay, more, if the four noblemen alluded to, or any other capitalists, had the means and the chance of purchasing every inch of land (perhaps boroughs excepted) in the Highlands of Scotland, to convert it into deer forests, and turn the present remnant of the Highlanders out of house and home, they would be quite within the pale of the law as interpreted by society in modern times. We see this principle acted on year by year, and it is against this irresponsible power that every well-wisher of justice ought to appeal. It appears to me that some of our members who are learned in the law might tell us whether the original charters of our landed proprietors justify them in substituting wild beasts for human beings? If the charters empower landlords to destroy the people, by depriving them of their birth-right, the land on which they were born, they are quite at variance with recent legislation, in as much as the pauper has now a life interest in the land of his birth. Yes, the proprietors and the paupers are the only two classes of the community who have any hold of the land of this country. There is not a man in Europe so completely divorced from the land of his birth as the Highlander of Scotland.

Now, lest you should imagine that I content myself with making statements and then conveniently forgetting to prove them, let me briefly revert to the time and circumstances which inaugurated the unhallowed system of depopulation in Inverness-shire. As to the time, I have heard Edward Ellice, Esq. of Glen-Cuaich, M.P., stating before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th March 1873, that "the great depopulation was in 1780 and 1790, when the colony of Glengarry was founded in Canada, by the number of people that were sent out from Scotland to obtain their low lying crofts for the sheep in the winter." Further on in his evidence, Mr Ellice, in answer to a question, says: "Yes; I may mention one single case that I am well acquainted with. When the depopulation began in 1780, the people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. They had turned out 700 to 800 fighting men in the Rebellion, consequently the population could not have been under 5000 or 6000." It seems to me that Mr Ellice has Glengarry in his mind's eye. If I am right in this supposition, it appears to be one of the severest reflections ever made on the depopulation of Glengarry. For every pound sterling of the rental of that particular estate, a fighting man was sent to support the cause of the Prince whom they believed to be their lawful sovereign. Imagine that Britain might be threatened in these times either by Turk or Christian, how many fighting men would the estate alluded to be able to send to the service of our sovereign? I venture to say that it could not raise fifty men. Nay, if you keep clear of the village of Fort-Augustus, which is Lord Lovat's property, I do not think that even twenty men could be sent out of Glengarry with all its sheep and deer. Not that the men are less patriotic now than they were in 1745, but for this simple reason, there are neither M'Donnells nor any other men in Glengarry. In justice to Mr Ellice, I may say, however, that he seemed to me to be the most humane and most favourable to



Highlanders of all the Members of Parliament that gave evidence at the committee alluded to. During the two days he was under examination, not a word escaped his lips that could be construed into slight or disrespect for Highlanders. It is quite true that Mr Ellice spoke of them as "Crofters." This was the *lingo* in which Highlanders were generally spoken of at the Game Law Committee. But the Earl of Chatham dignified them on a former occasion with the name of "Mountaineers." Speaking of them with great respect in Parliament soon after the mismanaged affair of 1745, his Lordship said in effect:—That the Mountaineers had well nigh changed the dynasty and upset the constitution of the Kingdom.

Now as to the circumstances that inaugurated the depopulation alluded to. They are simple but melancholy, and they occurred as follows:—*Marsalaidh Bhinneach*, the mother of the last popular "Glengarry," had the management of the whole properties of Cnoideart and Glengarry, while her son was a minor. The fascinating demon of old unfolded its golden coils before her avaricious mind; and in an evil hour she surrendered the birthright of her husband's clansmen to his crafty wiles. To begin with, she gave Glen Cuaich to one unscrupulous south country shepherd, and thereby deprived over 500 persons of houses and home. This was the beginning only of a series of misfortunes which laid the foundations of complications and embarrassments that ended in the sale of the whole of the Glengarry estates. I forbear to mention the maiden name of this woman on account of the esteem in which her noble chief is held. It is said that he is by far the best landlord in the Highlands. However, The Chisholm of Strathglass married her eldest daughter Eliza in 1795.

The Chisholm was rather delicate and often in bad health, and this threw the management of the estate into the hands of his wife. Hence the cause of the great clearance of Strathglass in 1801. The evicted people from that strath crossed the Atlantic and settled principally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. They gave the names of some Strathglass farms to their freehold lands in their adopted country. In the Island there is even the county of Inverness. In 1810 an heir was born for The Chisholm. He succeeded to the most of the estates on the death of his father in 1817. I say the most, because a portion of the land was still in the hands of his uncle's widow. It will be necessary here to explain this reserve on entailed land. Alexander, the eldest surviving son of The Chisholm who entailed the estates in 1777, married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Wilson of Edinburgh. He died on the 17th February 1793, aged forty-four years, and left an only child, Mary, who married Mr James Gooden, merchant, of London. The estates reverted to his half-brother William, who died in 1817, as stated above. The widow alluded to was Dr Wilson's daughter. Alexander The Chisholm, her husband, made a fair settlement in case of widowhood. He left for her the option of a certain sum of money annually or the rental accruing from a number of townlands or joint farms. Through the advice of her only child Mary, Mrs Chisholm made choice of the townlands and kept them intact, and kept the tenantry on these farms in easy circumstances until the day of her death, which took place on the 23rd January, 1826, and then the

whole of The Chisholm's estates reverted to the young heir of Strathglass.

By and by, I will tell you how the tenantry were treated by the young chief and his advisers. But I feel bound to inform you first, that repeated efforts were made by some of those who were acting for the chief to get hold of the land still in possession of the widow. However, the great good sense of this noble-minded Edinburgh lady, and the sincere attachment of her daughter, Mrs Gooden, to her father's tenantry, stood firm against all the advances made to deprive her of the faithful Highland tenantry entrusted to her care. For the long space of thirty-three years she kept her tenantry intact, never turned one of them out of a farm, nor did she ever deprive any man of an acre of land. As The Chisholm, her husband, left them at the time of his death in 1793, so they were left by his beloved widow at the time of her death in 1826. This excellent lady was well known and distinguished in the Highlands by the endearing term of a "*A Bhantighearna Bhan*"—the English equivalent of which is "the fair lady." When Mary (afterwards Mrs Gooden) was a young lassie in her teens, four south countrymen (Gillespie of Glen Cuaich, I think, was one of the number) came to see The Chisholm and passed the night with him at Comar, where the chief was staying at that time. In the course of the evening it transpired that the Southrons wanted the most and best portions of Strathglass as sheep walks. In short, the object of their mission was to treat the Chisholms of Strathglass as the Macdonnells of Glengarry were treated a few years before. Mary listened for a time quietly to their proposals; at last she mildly put her veto on the whole transaction. She was ordered off to her room. But, with tears in her eyes, Mary found her way to the kitchen, and called all the servants around her and explained to them the cause of her grief.

Never was *Crann-Tara* sent through any district with more rapidity than this unwelcome news spread through the length and breadth of Strathglass. Early next morning there were about a thousand men, including young and old, assembled on the ground at Comar House. They demanded an interview with The Chisholm. He came out among them and discussed the impropriety of alarming his guests. But the chief was told that the guests were infinitely worse than the freebooters who came on a former occasion with sword in hand to rob his forefathers of their patrimony, etc. [This was an allusion to a sanguinary battle fought on the plain of Aridh-dhuiean many years before that time between Clann-'ic-an-Lonathaich, who wanted to take possession, and the Chisholms, who succeeded in keeping possession of Strathglass to this day.] The guests were at first anxiously listening, at the drawing-room windows, to the arguments between the chief and his clansmen; but they soon got quietly down stairs and made the best of their way, through the back door and garden, to the stable, where they mounted their horses, galloped off helter-skelter, followed by the shouts and derision of the assembled tenantry, across the river Glass, spurring their horses and never looking behind until they reached the ridge of *Maoil Bhuidhe*, a hill between Strathglass and Corriemoney. Imagine their chagrin on turning round and seeing a procession being formed at Comar—pipers playing, and The

Chisholm being carried to Invercannich House on the brawny shoulders of his tenantry; and instead of this being cause of sorrow, it was the happiest day that ever dawned on Strathglass; chief and clansmen expressing mutual confidence in each other, and renewing every manner of ancient and modern bond of fealty ever entered into by their forbears. All this extraordinary episode in the history of Strathglass I heard related over and over again by some of the men who took their part in chasing the Southrons out of that district.

About thirty years ago, I reminded Mrs Gooden, in London, of what was said of her in the North, in connection with the hasty exit of the would-be shepherds, every word of which I found to be substantially correct, and Mrs Gooden then added:—"When my father died in 1793, I felt that the welfare of the tenantry left in charge of my mother depended in a great measure on myself. I was brought up among them, I used to be the Gaelic interpreter between them and my mother, and they had great confidence in me. However, it was in after years, when old age began to impair my mother's memory, that I had the greatest anxiety lest the agents of The Chisholm should succeed in depriving her of the tenantry. I had two objects in view. The first was to keep the people comfortable, and the second was to hand them over as an able class of tenantry to my first cousin, the young Chisholm, at the demise of my mother."

This determination was so well arranged and so completely carried out, that when the Dowager Mrs Chisholm, of whom I have spoken as "*the fair lady*," died, the tenantry on the portion of The Chisholm's estate she managed so long and so successfully, were able and willing to rent every inch of the whole of Strathglass, as I will soon prove to you. But let me first fulfil my promise of acquainting you of the manner in which the new accession of property with its native population were treated by the young chief and his advisers. For a few years the people were left in possession of their respective farms. This, however, was in order to adjust matters for future and more sweeping arrangements, as all the leases in Strathglass were about to expire. To the best of my recollection it was in the year 1830 that all the men in Strathglass were requested to meet the young Chisholm on a certain day at the Inn at Cannich Bridge. The call was readily complied with, the men were all there in good time, but The Chisholm was not. After some hours of anxious waiting, sundry surmisings, and well-founded misgivings, a gig was seen at a distance driving towards the assembled men. This was the signal for a momentary ray of hope. But on the arrival of the vehicle it was discovered that it contained only the "*sense carrier*" of the proprietor, viz., the factor, who told the men that The Chisholm was not coming to the meeting, and that, as factor, he had no instructions to enter on arrangements with them. I was present, and heard the curt message delivered, and I leave you to imagine the bitter grief and disappointment of men who attended that meeting with glowing hopes in the morning, but had to tell their families and dependents in the evening that they could see no alternative before them except the emigrant ship and to choose between the scorching prairies of Australia and the icy regions of North America. In a very short time after this abortive meeting, it transpired

that the very best farms and best grazing lands in Strathglass were let quite *silently*, without the knowledge of the men in possession, to shepherds from other countries, leaving about half the number of the native population without house or home.

Let me now prove to you how the native tenantry at that time in Strathglass were both able and willing to pay rent for every inch of it, if they were only allowed to retain their farms at the rent given for them by the strangers. I will prove it by plain incontrovertible facts. Here they are :—When the late generous Lord Lovat heard of the ugly treatment of the tenantry alluded to, he entered on negotiations with the late Mr George Grieve, the only sheep farmer or flockmaster on his Lordship's estates, at Glen-Strathfarrar, and arranged to take the sheep stock at valuation. His Lordship sent for the evicted tenants to Strathglass, and planted—so to speak—every one of them in Glen-Strathfarrar. The stock was valued for the new tenants by Mr Donald McRae, who died some years ago at Fearnraig, Lochalsh, and Mr Donald McLeod, who died lately at Coulmore, Redcastle. These gentlemen were supposed to be two of the best judges in the Highlands, and were also well known to be two of the most honourable men anywhere. I was, along with other young men from Glencanaich, in Glenstrathfarrar at the time, and saw the stock valued. To the best of my recollection it was at Whitsunday in 1831. Well, then, at the ensuing Martinmas every copper of the price of the stock was duly paid to Mr Grieve by the new tenants. This is ample proof of their ability to hold their own had they been allowed to remain in Strathglass.

Some fourteen years afterwards, when the rage for deer forests began to assert its unhallowed territorial demands, Lord Lovat informed these self same tenants that he wanted to add their farms to his deer-forest. However, to mitigate their distress at the prospect of another clearance, his Lordship stated that he did not wish to part with one of them, and pointed out that he intended breaking up the large farms on the estate. I remember seeing twelve ploughs, the property of one farmer, all at the same time at work on the plains of Beaully. But, to his credit, and in honour of his memory be it stated and remembered, the late Lord Lovat made this one and almost all other farms on his estate accessible to ordinary farmers, so that every man he brought to Glen-Strathfarrar, and every one he removed from it, were comfortably located on other parts of his Lordship's estates. In short, the management on The Chisholm's estate left only two of the native farmers in Strathglass, the only surviving man of whom is Alexander Chisholm, Raonbhrad. He is paying rent as a middle-class farmer to the present Chisholm for nearly twenty years back, and paid rent in the same farm to the preceding two Chisholms from the time they got possession one after the other until they died. He was also a farmer in a townland or joint-farm in "Balanahann," on "the fair lady's" portion of Strathglass. So far, he has satisfied the demands of four proprietors and seven successive factors on the same estate. And, like myself, he is obeying the spiritual decrees of the fifth Pope, protected by the humane laws of the fourth Sovereign, and living under the well-meaning but absent fourth Chief. All the rest of the Strathglass tenantry found a home on the Lovat estates, where their sons

and grandsons still are among the most respectable middle-class farmers in Inverness-shire.

Glenstrathfarrar, by far the most fertile glen allotted to forestry in the Highlands, has been from that time and still is the free domain of foxes, eagles, and hundreds of red deer, strictly preserved in order to gratify the proclivities of sportsmen. I am very sorry for it, and in obedience to the dictates of my conscience I must add, that in my humble opinion it is a serious misappropriation of much excellent grazing and some good arable lands. My firm belief is that every portion of God's earth should be occupied by Christians and made to support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness.

As I stated, there were only two native farmers left in Strathglass. But the only one who left his native country of his own free accord at that time was my own dear father. So that, when the present Chisholm came home from Canada to take possession of the estate about nineteen years ago, there were only two of his name and kindred in possession of an inch of land in Strathglass. At the first opening he doubled the number by restoring two more Chisholms from Lord Lovat's estate. But I am sorry to say that restoration is a plant of slow growth in Strathglass. It is only right, however, to state that The Chisholm generously re-established and liberally supported one of the tenants in the farm from which he was evicted nineteen years previously. This man's father and grandfather lived and died as tenants on that same farm, and his great-grandfather, Domhnul MacUilleam, was killed on Druimossie-moor. I heard it said that this faithful clansman was shot when carrying his mortally-wounded commander, The Chisholm's youngest son, in his arms. In Glencanaich, even within my own recollection, there were a number of people comfortably located. Of the descendants of Glencanaich men there were living in my own time, one Bishop and fifteen Priests; three Colonels, one Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants and seven Ensigns. Such were the men mostly reared, and who had the rudiments of their education, either in this Glen or in Strathglass. And now there are eight shepherds, seven gamekeepers, and one farmer only, in Glencanaich.

It was not with any degree of pleasure that I approached the subject, and I will leave it for the present. But before doing so I may tell you there is not a human being in Strathglass of the descendants of those who were instrumental in driving the people out of it. I believe the same may be said of Glengarry, and I heard it stated lately by a man who knows Sutherland and the Reay country well, that there are only two families living in those countries who had any hand in or on whose behalf the infamous clearances of 1806 were commenced. It need scarcely be stated here that the wholesale clearances alluded to were inaugurated under the cruel auspices of Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland, and now it appears that the whole race of the Crowbar Brigade, their progeny and abettors, are by some mysterious agency fast gliding away from the country they have so ruthlessly desolated.

Glengarry was cleared by "Marsali Bhinneach," Strathglass was cleared by her daughter Eliza, and Sutherland was cleared by Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland. These three ladies may have been

good wives and good mothers ; I have nothing to say against their private character. But their public acts in land clearances ought to stand forth as landmarks to be avoided by the present landed proprietors and by all future owners and administrators of land.

In conclusion, let me repeat what I have said, that it is totally beyond my comprehension how our forefathers could have divested themselves of every species of control and power over the land of these countries. I have seen it stated in an Edinburgh paper that nineteen men own half the land in Scotland. Be that as it may, we know that less than nineteen miserable landed proprietors brought the present desolation on the Glens of the Highlands.

**TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.**—Almost before we had finished the perusal of Volume VI., the Transactions for 1878 are before us—the largest, and, we think, we are safe in saying, the most valuable in every respect hitherto issued by the Society. The last volume was about two years in the hands of the printer ; this one about as many months. It is highly creditable to the printer and to all concerned. We hope soon to return to it.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Major-General Stewart Allan's valuable paper on "Tayne, the Birth-place of King James IV.," and the "Maid of Lochearn," by "MacIain," will appear in our next. We have received "Bruce and the Blood-hound," by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, Kenmore, and "A Legend of Kilchurn," by "C. J. L."—they will appear as soon as possible, as also "Mary Morrison," by "Leda." "Oran do dh' Uilleam a Mhorluim" crushed out.

### DEAR SCOTIA.

Most respectfully dedicated to "Professor Blackie, The Champion of Scottish Rights," as a small but sincere mark of respect and esteem.

By ALEXANDER LOGAN.

DEAR SCOTIA ! thou land of the dauntless and free,  
Lov'd country ! my bosom beats fondly for thee ;  
They talk loud of lands that are fairer on earth,  
To me there are none like the land of my birth.

Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen !  
We've sung it before, let us sing it again !  
While the sky hath a cloud, and the ocean a wave !  
We'll honour the land of the loyal and brave !

Can sun-brilliant fountains, or rose-garnished plains,  
Cheer lonely hearts pining in slavery's chains ?  
No ! give me the tempest-rock'd Isle of the north,  
Where freedom beams brightly on beauty and worth !  
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen, &c.

Thine eagles high soaring—thy torrents that sweep  
O'er dark frowning cliffs to the vast rolling deep  
Are types of thy prowess— they rush on their way  
As thy sons charge their foemen in battle array !  
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen ; &c.

Oh ! fight for thee !—fall for thee !—here is the heart  
On which is engraven true liberty's chart ;  
And ere thy green vales by Oppression be trod,  
Its last drop of blood shall empurple thy sod !  
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen, &c.



## A LEGEND OF LOCH MAREE

[CONCLUDED.]

THOUGH left unmolested for a time, poor Flora knew well that she was in the power of the Lord of Castle Donain, and her distress and perplexity of mind was extreme. She had the wit, however, to hide it from Hector, who was now a constant and unwelcome visitor at the cottage,—and chatted and laughed with him and Kenneth, when they came home in the evening, as though she was quite careless and contented. Hers was not a nature to sit down quietly under danger. No, the greater the danger, the higher her courage seemed to rise, and she determined to effect her escape. She arranged with the widow that they should pack up a few necessaries, take the boy and the goat, and again have recourse to the cave for a present refuge. Unfortunately, however, she could find no opportunity to confide her plans to Kenneth, for the vigilance of Hector was so great that neither she nor his mother ever had a chance of speaking to him alone even for a moment. She was anxious to give him a clue, however slight, to their intended movements, so on the morning of the day they had fixed upon for the attempt, before the men went out, she carelessly said to him, "Oh Kenneth, I wish you would try to get me some more of these flowers, they are so beautiful," at the same time exhibiting a bit of a plant which Kenneth and herself well knew grew only in the neighbourhood of the cave, "but," she continued, "you need not trouble about it to-day, as you are going fishing; to-morrow, when you go to the hills, will be quite soon enough." These simple words, so frankly spoken, caused no suspicion to cross the mind of Hector, but to Kenneth, accompanied as they were with a quick expressive glance of her beautiful eyes, they were fraught with meaning, and he felt assured that she wished him to go to the neighbourhood of the cave on the morrow, though for what reason he could not surmise. As he promised to endeavour to procure the flowers, he gave her a look, intelligent as her own, which at once convinced her that he understood some plot was hatching.

That evening, when Kenneth and Hector returned from their day's fishing, they found no fire on the hearth, no supper ready, no voice to welcome them. Kenneth, from the hint he had received, was somewhat prepared for this unusual state of matters, but at the same time he echoed his companion's exclamations of astonishment; he tried to account for it to the satisfaction of his companion by suggesting that the women were out milking the goats, but, as if to contradict him, they heard a bleating outside the cottage, and, going out to ascertain the cause, they found the goats, tired of waiting, had actually come to the door themselves to be relieved of their milky treasure. Kenneth said nothing, but his quick eye at once detected the absence of the dun-coloured favourite which had nursed the boy. Hector, terribly chagrined and annoyed at finding himself thus outwitted, questioned and cross-questioned poor Kenneth until

they both lost their temper, but failed to obtain any satisfactory information. They both passed a sleepless night, and at dawn of day Hector started, accompanied by Kenneth, in pursuit of the fugitives, feeling sure they could not have gone far in such a wild and rocky country. He kept a strict watch on Kenneth, who, notwithstanding, managed in the course of the day to get near the cave, and unseen by his companion gave a signal, which he was delighted to see answered. He now knew that his friends were safely lodged, and had no fear of their discovery by Hector, but how to communicate with them he could not imagine, for Hector kept the most jealous eye on his slightest movements.

The day was nearly spent; the men, fagged and wearied with their long and toilsome search among the mountains, lay down on the heather. Hector, sulky, and deeply mortified at the trick played upon him, lay thinking of what excuse he could make to his chief, and how that high-spirited gentleman was likely to receive the news of Flora's escape. One thing was certain, he must at once acquaint his lord with all the circumstances, whatever the consequences might be to himself; but the difficulty was, how to do so. He first thought of securing Kenneth, and taking him a prisoner along with him, but glancing at the well-knit, hardy figure, and determined eye of the young Highlander, he concluded it would be no easy task to secure him single-handed; and Hector, who, though brave, was also very prudent, saw no benefit likely to accrue from a combat between himself and Kenneth, which would probably end in the death of one, perhaps of both of them. At last he decided that the best plan for him would be to go off quickly and quietly, give information to his chief, and return with a sufficient number to trace and secure Kenneth and the runaways. The idea was no sooner conceived than executed. Seeing that Kenneth lay with his face covered, buried in thought, Hector rose and ran through the hills with the fleetness of a deer.

Kenneth lay for some time, revolving scheme after scheme, when, wondering at his companion's unwonted silence, he raised his head, and was astonished to find him gone. He jumped to his feet and looked eagerly around; at last he espied him at a distance, running as if for his life. This conduct somewhat puzzled him, and for a moment he was tempted to send an arrow after him, but recollecting he was now too far away he dismissed the idea from his mind, and began to reflect how best to turn Hector's absence to his own benefit. The first thing he did was to hasten to the cave to inform its inmates of the strange and abrupt departure. Flora, with her usual intelligence, soon defined the reason, and a consultation was at once held as to what they had better do in the perplexing situation in which they now found themselves.

They could not stay in the cave for any length of time for want of provisions; the small stock they had brought with them would soon be exhausted; the goat's milk would not even be sufficient for little Mac-Gabhar himself, and it would be unsafe for Kenneth to venture out to procure food for fear of their retreat being discovered, and they dreaded this might be the case even as it was, for if their enemies brought their slot hounds they would soon be tracked. Under all these circumstances, in about a week they concluded upon going down to the seashore, trust-

ing fortune might favour them by sending a boat or vessel that way, in which they might make good their escape. This they did, taking the goat (which would not part from the boy) and their baggage along with them. As if in answer to their wishes, they no sooner arrived at the shore than they saw a large ship sailing towards them, and casting anchor at Poolewe. Shortly after they saw one of the ship's boats, with five or six men, rowing in their direction. Kenneth and Flora hastened forward to hail it, and see if the men would take them on board. In their eagerness, they were nearly at the water's edge before they discovered that the principal figure in the boat was none other than Hector Dubh himself. With a scream of terror the affrighted Flora turned and fled, followed by Kenneth, back towards the child, for whose safety she had undergone so many hardships ; but, alas, she was destined never to reach him, for in her haste she stumbled and fell. Kenneth stopped to raise her, the next moment they were surrounded, taken prisoners, and hurried to the boat.

Flora's anguish of mind at being thus cruelly separated from the boy was painful to witness. She prayed and entreated the men to return for him, promising that she would go quietly along with them if she only had the child. But all in vain, the men turned a deaf ear to her most vehement and impressive appeals, Hector saying, "No, no, my pretty madam, you have cheated me once already ; I'll take care you shan't do it a second time. We can easily return for the boy if our lord desires us to do so, but we will make sure of you, and Kenneth, at any rate." So, in spite of Flora's tears and sobs, and the more violent expressions of Kenneth's anger (who was deeply grieved at leaving his mother in such a critical situation), the boat speedily bore them from the shore, and shortly after Hector had the satisfaction of handing them over to the custody of his chief.

The Lord of Castle Donain was very much put out at losing the boy, whose fate he felt was strangely interwoven with his own, and in proportion to his dread of what that fate might be was his anxiety to gain possession of MacGabhar. Many a long and fruitless search he caused to be made for him, many a sleepless night he passed in endeavouring to unravel the mystic meaning of the prophecy, and many an hour he spent in consulting his aged bard, who possessed the gift of second sight ; but they could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, save that MacGabhar should surely in the end become the possessor of the vast estates of Castle Donain, but whether it would be accomplished by victory in war, or by more peaceful means, whether in the lifetime of the present lord, or in that of his successors, was at present hidden from their vision.

Flora, who was kept in a kind of honourable captivity, would not afford him the slightest clue to her own identity, or the parentage of the boy, for whose loss she never ceased to grieve. On being perfectly satisfied that Kenneth was as ignorant as himself regarding Flora's antecedents, and being assured by her of Kenneth's absolute innocence of any design against him, the chief allowed the young man to go free.

Kenneth, however, was too devoted to the fair Flora to leave the place, while she was unwillingly detained there. He accordingly lingered about at a safe distance until a favourable opportunity occurred which enabled him to effect her escape, and of safely conducting her to another

part of the country, out of the reach of the Lord of Castle Donain. Flora, finding herself alone and desolate, afraid of returning to her own country, and being deeply touched by Kenneth's unfailing devotion, at length consented to become his wife, a decision she never had cause to rue, but realized more every day the fact that

*The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that.*

After this they wandered about in many places, where it is unnecessary to follow them, searching for the widow and the boy ; but at length gave up their efforts as useless. They then went south, and Kenneth joined the army of the king, in which he speedily found favour, rose step by step, until the summit of his youthful ambition was attained, being knighted by the king for his distinguished gallantry on the battlefield.

When the poor widow saw her son and Flora so suddenly torn from her side, and herself and the child left desolate on the shore, she knew not what to do, nor where to turn for shelter. It was no use returning to the cave, for how could they subsist there ? her cottage was not better now that Kenneth was gone. She, alone, would be totally unable to provide a livelihood. She had now only the one supreme idea of discovering and, if possible, rejoining her beloved and only son.

The kind and hospitable people of Poolewe supported her and her charge for several days, till at last they secured a passage for her on board a ship, the crew of which promised to take her to Castle Donain. The widow, like most old women, was rather garrulous ; she told the captain all her troubles, and the strange story of the boy she found among the rocks of Loch Maree sucking her favourite goat, showing him at the same time the velvet mantle and sword of state which belonged to little MacGabhar's father, to corroborate her statements. The captain, interested in the touching narrative, listened patiently, and consoled with the poor woman in her misfortunes ; but, at the same time, feeling sure that the boy belonged to some family of note, he determined, instead of carrying them to the desired destination, taking his passengers to his own chief, Colin Gillespick, or Colin More, as he was generally called, a noted, brave, though rather unscrupulous chieftain.

Gillespick, on their arrival, was very glad to obtain possession of the boy, and upon hearing the whole story, he decided on taking MacGabhar into his own family and bringing him up as one of his own sons. He also provided the widow with a small cottage near his castle, and allowed her enough to live upon very comfortably. She had liberty to see MacGabhar as often as she wished, and as she was very much attached to him, she would have been quite happy but for her grief at the loss of her son, which almost obliterated every other feeling. The boy was never tired of listening to her while she told and retold him all the incidents of his discovery in the cave with Flora, of their subsequent happy days at the cottage, and of their sad and sudden termination. As MacGabhar grew up, he became intensely anxious respecting his parentage, and many a pleasant converse he had with the old widow, who always maintained and taught him to believe that he came of noble blood.

He would gaze on the mantle and sword by the hour together, trying to imagine what his father had been. The time thus spent was not altogether wasted, for these reveries made him feel that, if he was well born, it was necessary for him to conduct himself like a nobleman, which he accordingly strove to do, and soon excelled all his companions, as much by his skill and dexterity in the warlike games and manly accomplishments of the times, as in his fine athletic figure, handsome features, and dignified bearing.

When MacGabhar was about eighteen, his adopted father told him that he would now give him an opportunity of showing his prowess on the battlefield, as he had resolved to gather all his clan and retainers and make a grand raid into a neighbouring territory, of which the people were at the time in a state of anarchy and confusion, which circumstance he had no doubt would greatly aid him in his intended project of subjugation. This was welcome news to the fiery youth, longing "to flesh his maiden sword," and he exerted himself with right good will in making the necessary preparations for the forthcoming foray.

When Flora married Kenneth, she, like a true wife, concealed no secret from him, but told him all her history—a strange and romantic one. She was of high birth, but, being an orphan, lived with her only sister, who had married and become the queen of the chief or king of a powerful neighbouring kingdom. They had an only child, a boy, named Ewen, to whom Flora was devotedly attached, being his companion and nurse by day and by night. When the child was about a year old, a revolt broke out in his domains, led by a natural brother of the king, who, being the elder, thought he had a better right. The rebels seized and murdered Ewen's father, their lawful sovereign, and took the queen prisoner.

Kenneth's blood ran cold as his wife continued, in graphic terms, to relate the horrors of that period; how the rebels, not satisfied with the death of their king, plotted to murder herself and the young heir during the night. Even in this trying emergency she did not lose her presence of mind, but courageously determined to defeat their wicked purpose by a counter-plot. She accordingly concealed her agitation during the day, and on some pretext persuaded the wife and child of one of the conspirators to change bedrooms with her; the latter were slain, while she made good her escape with her darling Ewen, but in such haste that she could make no preparations for her flight beyond carrying away the sword and mantle of the murdered king, as evidence, if ever opportunity occurred, to prove Ewen's high lineage and birth. After days of painful travel, she at last reached Loch Maree, where she was happily found in the cave, and succoured by the goat, by Kenneth and his devoted mother.

After Kenneth had been made a knight, and stood high in favour at court, his wife accidentally heard from a wandering minstrel that great changes had taken place in her native country. The usurper was dead, leaving no successor, and the people were divided and in a state of discord, some wishing to have the queen of the late rightful king restored, while others wished for a male ruler. Flora, on hearing this, at once expressed her desire to visit her sister, of whom she had heard nothing for so many years, once more, and suggested to her husband that he might possibly help

the queen to resume her rightful position. Sir Kenneth, ever ready for adventure, consented, provided he could get the king's consent for a time to withdraw from his service.

The kingdom being now at peace, the king readily granted him leave of absence, and also permission to take his immediate retainers along with him. They all started in high spirits, and arrived at their journey's end in safety, when Flora was overjoyed to find her sister alive and well. The queen, on meeting her, was no less delighted to find her long-lost sister, and to hear of the wonderful preservation of her beloved son, though their joy was damped by the uncertainty of his fate since Flora was separated from him. With the valuable assistance of Sir Kenneth and his brave men-at-arms, the queen was soon reinstated in her proper position. But no sooner was this accomplished than she was threatened with an immediate attack from the formidable and dreaded Colin More. Her subjects, however, rallied round her, and, forgetting their mutual quarrels, stood well together, and led on by the brave Sir Kenneth, they rushed to meet the advancing foe with irresistible force, and gained a complete victory over him, taking several important prisoners, among whom were three of Gillespie's sons, and his adopted son Ewen MacGabhar.

Colin More's raid being so unjust, for there was no reason for it but the desire for plunder, it was decided that his punishment should be severe, consequently all the prisoners of any pretension to rank were ordered the morning after the battle to be publicly executed, beginning with the youngest. This happened to be Ewen MacGabhar, who determined to meet his fate without flinching, and as befitted his birth, which he always felt was of noble origin. He accordingly dressed himself with care, and threw over all the scarlet velvet mantle he had preserved for so many years, and girded on the sword, with a sigh to think that he should never know the secret of his birth.

At the time appointed, the prisoners were brought out for execution before the queen and her court, according to the barbarous custom of the time. MacGabhar walked at their head with a stately step, his fine figure as erect, his fair head held as lofty, and his bright blue eye as fearless, as if he were a conqueror and not a captive. As he approached nearer where the queen sat, surrounded by her ladies, her sister Flora started violently, and seizing her husband by the arm, exclaimed "Oh Kenneth, see! see! that mantle, that sword, look at his fair hair, his blue eye, it must, it must be he;" then rushing towards Ewen she cried out, "Your name, your name, young man; where did you get that sword and mantle; speak, speak, I adjure you by all you hold sacred to tell the truth." Young Ewen, considerably surprised by this impassioned appeal, drew himself up, and answered firmly and respectfully, "Madam, these articles belonged to my father, whom I never knew, and the name I am known by is Ewen MacGabhar, but I know not whether it is my right name or not." This answer, far from allaying the lady's agitation, only served to increase it, and with an hysterical laugh she screamed out, "MacGabhar! yes, yes, I was sure of it. Sister! husband! see, see, our lost darling, my own dear MacGabhar;" then, in the excess of her emotion, she threw her arms around him, and swooned away.



All was now confusion and perplexity. Sir Kenneth hastened to his wife's assistance. The queen rose and stood with an agitated face and outstretched hands, looking earnestly at Ewen. The older chieftains, who remembered his father, began to remark the extraordinary likeness Ewen bore to the late king; clansmen caught up the excitement and began to shout "A MacCoinnich More! A MacCoinnich More!"

After a while, when the Lady Flora had regained consciousness, and some degree of order was restored, the queen began to closely question her sister as to the identity of Ewen; "For," she sagely remarked, "although that mantle and sword did indeed belong to my husband, that does not prove its present possessor to be his heir; and further, though I admit I perceive a great resemblance in that young man to the late king, yet he might be his son without being mine, and until I am persuaded that he is indeed my own lawful son, I will not yield up this honoured seat to him." This spirited speech was received with approval by the nobles, but still the common people kept up the cry of "A MacCoinnich More! A MacCoinnich More!"

"Stay, stay," exclaimed Kenneth, "I think I shall be able to decide if he is indeed MacGabhar; do you remember, Flora, the day when little Ewen was playing with my hunting knife and inflicted a severe cut on his arm? Now, if this young man has the mark of that wound, it will be conclusive. Approach then, and bare your left arm, MacGabhar."

Ewen stood forward, and amid the anxious, breathless attention of all, bared his muscular arm, when there plainly appeared a large cicatrice, evidently of many years standing.

All doubt was now removed; the queen embraced him and owned him her son. The chieftains crowded round to offer their congratulations, and the clansmen shouted loud and long.

MacGabhar bore himself throughout this strange and excited scene with a dignity and composure of manner which greatly raised him in the estimation of his new found friends. His first act was to beg the lives and liberty of his late fellow prisoners, which was readily granted; and when he had explained to his mother how indebted he was to Gillespick for his kindness in bringing him up, and had also told Sir Kenneth how well treated his mother had been, their indignant feelings towards Gillespick gave way to more kindly emotions, and a firm and lasting peace was concluded between the two clans. Sir Kenneth hastened to fetch his mother, whose joy at being thus re-united to her beloved son, after so many years separation and anxiety, was almost overpowering to the now aged woman. Sir Kenneth took up his abode in his wife's native country, and by his wise and sagacious council greatly assisted Ewen in the management of his kingdom, the queen, his mother, resigning all her authority in his favour. He ruled his people firmly and well, and by his courage in the field, and wisdom in the council, he so raised the strength and increased the dimensions of his kingdom that it became the most prosperous and powerful in the Highlands. He married the only daughter of the Lord of Castle Donain, and by her inherited all that vast estate, in this way fulfilling the old prophecy which had caused so much uneasiness for years to his future father-in-law.

## Literature.

*HISTORY OF IRELAND: The Heroic Period. By Standish O'Grady. Sampson Low, Searle, Marston & Rivington, London. E. Ponsonby, Dublin.*

THIS is an exceedingly pleasant book. Any one who has looked at the "Irish Annals," "The Four Masters," or indeed any previously written Chronicle or Early History of Ireland, would expect to find here a book full of names, dates, battles, events, births, deaths, genealogies, and other dry, uninteresting, and unauthentic accumulation of unreliable matter. Mr O'Grady has given us a work of a very different character. He deals only with the Heroic period in this volume. His manner of treatment is original, and the result excellent. He does not accept the literature of the bards of the heroic period as authentic, but he receives their aspirations as indicating those noble actions which the noblest of a noble race would desire to attain to, and which they in some instances achieved. Once take up the book and it is difficult to lay it aside until the end is arrived at. The author succeeds remarkably in bringing out pleasantly and prominently the epic and dramatic element of the period of which he writes. He seems to have digested the whole range of the literature of the heroic age of Ireland; welded together, in connected and continued order, the principal and most attractive incidents commemorated by the chroniclers and bards; and has here presented us with a complete and grand prose epic, finished in all its parts, tastefully written, and with a sufficient flavour of the bardic style to make it attractive; but not in that stiff and repulsively majestic style in which Macpherson translated and first presented to the literary world the more famous Fenian literature of the Scottish Celt. Mr O'Grady is of opinion that no single Irish tale, however well adapted to the modern literary taste, would form a complete and perfect representation of any of the more heroic personages or events. Round each of the heroes revolves a whole cycle of literature in prose and verse, and no treatment would be adequate which did not take in this cycle in its completeness. The work is based on this idea, and the author reduces to its artistic elements the whole of the heroic period of Irish history taken together, viewing it always in the light of modern archaeological discoveries, sometimes using the actual language of the bards, with always a dash of their peculiar style and expression.

But the author does not altogether confine himself to the bards. He treats of the ancient civilization of his country, and in doing so he relies upon more authentic records, producing a pretty accurate sketch—as accurate indeed and as complete as can now be attained—of the ancient civilization of Ireland. We are presented with excellent pictures of the pre-historic ages; the glacial period; the men of the ice period; and how the extreme cold and ice affected the movements of those creatures that inhabited these islands and North-Western Europe. We are told that:—

The man of the ice-period was the antique representative of the modern Eskimo, if not actually his progenitor. He was short, flat-faced, and prognathous. He was filthy, brutish, and a cannibal. Fishing and hunting formed his occupation. The divine command to till the earth and to eat of the fruits thereof had not been enjoined upon his

ancestors, or had not been obeyed, nor yet did he drive about flocks and herds, leading a nomadic and pastoral life, and subsisting on the milk of cows or mares. No gentle domestic animals roamed around his house. The wolf was still untamed. No watchdog's honest bark greeted him as he drew near home.

Ignorant, filthy, and brutish as was this ancient man, yet him, too, the gods had visited. Prometheus and Apollo had taught him many arts by which he might mitigate the cruelty of the frost powers. The divine theft had brought a blessing upon him too. He knew how to kindle a fire, and supply himself with the warmth which the climate denied.

To the potter's art he had not attained. When he desired to boil his food, a deer-skin was his pot, into which, filled with melted snow, he dropped red hot stones until the flesh was cooked.

He had his needles of bone, and thread of gut, and made raiment for himself out of skins.

When he desired to build, he sought a ravine where the snow lay deep. Removing the surface out of the compact snow beneath, he, with his stone hatchet, hewed bricks or slabs out of the solid snow. With these he built his habitation, shaped like a beehive, with door, and a window of transparent ice. Inside, all along the white walls, ran banks of snow, upon which were thrown skins, and upon these the family lay and slept.

In a French cave, in the strata of the Pleistocene era, has been found the shoulder-blade of an animal, upon which is graved with some pointed instrument a fine representation of the mammoth, and also another of the primitive horse. There, too, has been found a piece of horn, carved into the shape of a deer's head, with branching antlers, executed with faithfulness and spirit.

Deep in the recesses of the caves we learn the history and life of this ancient people. The excavation of a few feet reveal articles manufactured under the sway and genius of Rome. Below these we find the iron and bronze implements of the half-civilized predecessors of the Romans. Another descent brings to light the flint tools of the Neolithic and Palæolithic times. Then come the marks of the great submergence, and below them the tools of this people who, more than two hundred thousand years ago, lived and died upon the plains of Ireland. Below these again, and upon the basement of this strange house—this eternal refuge of the homeless—lie the pulverized or demi-pulverized relics of the vast cycles, huge and obscure, that preceded the advent of man. They are the annals of the world, tome above tome, in that strange library.

Ireland was again laid buried beneath a load of impenetrable ice. Man was driven to the south of France and Spain. But now another huge alteration began to take place. North-Western Europe gradually descended into the sea. As the land sank the sea rose, Ireland was again rolled over by the waves of the Atlantic. But the end was not yet. Ireland, tenanted only by shell-fish and sea-weeds, above which the whales wallowed, and the iceberg sailed, was yet to ascend from her watery grave into the light of the sun, to be the joyful home of men and animals, and to play her part in the great drama of the world. That vast planetary aspiration ceased, an inspiration as vast commenced. North-western Europe slowly rose again, Millenium after Millenium, inch by inch, through the succeeding ages, even to the height of the early Pleistocene epoch, and then subsided once more to the point at which the historic period found her. Ireland was still, after emerging from the water, buried under ice, but at last the genial influence of the south penetrated northwards; the ice yielded to glaciers and summer torrents; vegetation and animals re-appeared; the climate grew milder; the arctic animals disappeared; the plains were clothed with grass; a nobler race of men were now advancing from the south, but without bringing civilization or the means of recording their history along with them. They were no branch of Seythic stock, no Aryan-speaking people, but a dark, small, oval-faced race, between whom and the tall, fierce, blue-eyed Celt there was neither kinship nor resemblance. To these—a new people—the ancestors of the existing Celtic race—we are thus introduced:—

The Irish are a mixed race, the Basque and the Celt went to their formation. The original inhabitants of the country were Basque, but successive Celtic invasions obliterated the ancient Basque language, and altered the physical appearance of the people. In this respect the history of Ireland, and indeed of all North-Western Europe, resembles that of Greece. In the times of which Homer sang, the Greek nobles had yellow hair and blue eyes. At the time when the heroic literature of Ireland was composed, the Irish nobles had yellow hair and blue eyes. Athene seized Achilles by the yellow locks, while she herself was a blue-eyed goddess. Crimthann, who held in check the rebellious sons of Cathair More for Conn of the Hundred Battles, was surnamed Culboy, because the smelted gold was not yellower than his hair; while the locks of Cuclulain, the great Ultonian hero, were yellower than the blossom of the sovereignty. On the other hand, the historic Greeks resembled physically the Italians, and were equally with them surprised at the tall stature and fierce blue eyes of the northern warriors, while in Irish bardic literature the lower orders are represented as dark. The history of both countries was the same. The aborigines, a dark Turanian people, were conquered and submerged by successive Celtic invasions, until their language was lost in that of their conquerors. The purest type of Irish beauty has been produced by this blending of races. We often see in Ireland, and not elsewhere, blue eyes fringed with lashes as black as jet, a pure clear skin through which glows the warmth of southern blood.

We cannot pass over what Mr O'Grady, with a due appreciation of the requirements of correct history, says of the famous Irish annals:—

There is not, perhaps, in existence a product of the human mind so extraordinary as the Irish annals. From a time dating more than two thousand years before the birth of Christ, the stream of Milesian history flows down uninterrupted, copious and abounding, between accurately defined banks, with here and there picturesque meanderings, here and there flowers lolling upon those delusive waters, but never concealed in mists, or lost in a marsh. As the centuries wend their way, king succeeds king with a regularity most gratifying, and fights no battles, marries no wife, begets no children, does no dauntless deed of which a contemporaneous note was not taken, and which has not been incorporated in the annals of his country. To think that this mighty fabric of recorded events, so stupendous in its dimensions, so clean and accurate in its details, so symmetrical and elegant, should be after all a mirage and delusion, a gorgeous bubble, whose glowing rotundity, whose rich hues, azure, purple, amethyst and gold, vanish at a touch and are gone, leaving a sorry remnant over which the patriot disillusionized may grieve!

Early Irish history is the creation mainly of the bards. Romances and poems supplied the great blocks with which the fabric was reared. These the chroniclers fitted into their places, into the interstices pouring shot, rubbish, and grouting. The bardic intellect, revolving round certain ideas for centuries, and round certain material facts, namely, the mighty barrows of their ancestors, produced gradually a vast body of definite historic lore, life-like kings and heroes, real-seeming queens. The mechanical intellect followed with perspicuous arrangement, with a thirst for accuracy, minuteness, and verisimilitude. With such quarrymen and such builders the work went on apace, and anon a fabric huge rose like an exhalation, and like an exhalation its towers and pinnales of empurpled mist are blown asunder and dislimn.

And, again, he informs us that—

With Kimbay, Irish history perhaps commences, yet even thenceforward the historic track is doubtful and elusive in the extreme. Spite its splendid appearance in the annals, it is thin, legendary, evasive. Looked at with the severe eyes of criticism, the broad-walled highway of the old historians, on which pass many noble figures of kings and queens, brehons, bards, and warriors, legislators and druids, real-seeming antique shapes of men and women, marked by many a carn, piled above heroes illustrious with battles, elections, conventions, melts away into thin air. The glare of bardic light flees away; the broad, firm highway is torn asunder and dispersed; even the narrow, doubtful track is not seen; we seem to foot it hesitatingly, anxiously, from stepping-stone to stepping-stone set at long distances in some quaking Cimmeric waste. But all around, in surging, tumultuous motion, come and go the gorgeous, unearthly beings that long ago emanated from bardic minds, a most weird and mocking world. Faces rush out of the darkness, and as swiftly retreat again. Heroes expand into giants, and dwindle into goblins, or fling aside the heroic form and gambol as buffoons; gorgeous palaces are blown asunder like a smoke-wreath; kings, with wand of silver and ard-róth of gold, move with all their state from century to century; puissant heroes, whose fame reverberates through and sheds a glory over epochs, approach and coalesce; battles are shifted from place to place and century to century; buried monarchs re-

appear, and run a new career of glory. The explorer visits an enchanted land where he is mocked and deluded. Everything seems blown loose from its fastenings. All that should be most stable is whirled round and borne away like foam or dead leaves in a storm.

The following is a description of the famous spear which Lu Lamfada took out of the Dûn of Kelkar :—

Then Cormac led him to where was a long handled black spear, of which the haft was fixed in a frame against the wall, and the head plunged deep in an urn containing a liquid, dark, save where the bubbles rose to the surface, but the spear shivered and writhed like a live thing. Now the urn was filled with the juices of lethean and soporific herbs which dulled its fury, but for which it would of its own accord rush against men flesh-devouring, a marvel amongst the ancient Gæil, for a fell principle of destruction dwelt within it, an emanation of the war-demons, but in after days, with the advent of the Talkend, it expired. But Cormac took it from the frame, and its head out of the urn, and held it strongly in both hands, holding it before him like a fishing-rod, and the divine spear writhed and strained in his hands like a serpent stiffened out but not subdued by the charm of the enchanter, and it struggled fiercely to get away, as a kite strains strongly against the hands of him who holds the cord. Then he plunged it again into the urn, and made the haft fast in the frame, and its fury was allayed.

We should like to place before the reader a few more pearls out of this magnificently brilliant historical romance, but space forbids. The only possible way by which any idea of this great work can be obtained is by a personal perusal; and this we recommend to all who take any interest in Celtic subjects, or in historic romance of any kind. We envy the author the attractiveness of his style, and the masterly manner in which he has been able to grasp and treat the historical romance of his native country—in many instances disconnected and undigested—but here presented in a beautifully complete, systematic whole. We have no hesitation in saying that we derived more unmixed pleasure from reading his book than from any other single book we ever read.

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## Correspondence.

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COLONEL CAMERON OF FASSIFERN AND GENERAL SIR  
ALAN CAMERON OF ERRACHT.

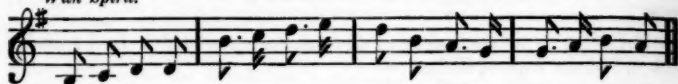
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

St Winifred Villa, Bath, June 24, 1878.

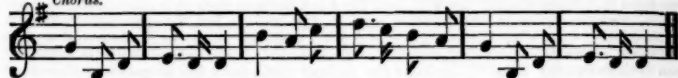
MY DEAR SIR,—The writer of "Erracht's Biography," in your Magazine, is under a mistake in stating that the late Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern "applied for a baronetcy" on account of his son's services, whereas the true statement is quite the other way, Sir Ewen being so disinclined to accept the honour that, had it not been for my father, he would have *refused* it—remarking that "no honour conferred on him could make up for the loss of his son."—I remain, yours faithfully,

CLUNY.

## AN GAIDHEAL 'SA LEANNAN.

*With Spirit.*

Chionn gu'm beil gach gleann na fhas-ach, Theid mi fein's mo Mhai-ri thair - is.

*Chorus.*

Theid i 's gu'n teid i leam, Leam-sa gu'n teid mo lean-nan, Theid i 's gun teid i leam.

| m. . f. : s. . s. | m. . f : s. . l | s. m : r. . d | d. . r : m. r ||

*Chorus.*

| d : m. . s. | l. . s. : s. | m : r. f | s. . f : m. r | d : m. . s. | l. . s. : s. ||

Theid i leam á Tír nam Fraoch-bheann,  
Oir tha daoin' air dol á fasan.

Sibhlaidh sinn á tír ar dùthchais,  
'Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.

Theid i leam a null air shìl do  
Thir 's an dean an Gaidheal beartas.

Ach ged robh gach là 'na Shámhradh,  
Chaidh bl Tír nam Beann air m' aire.

A s mu'n cair ear anns an ùir sinn  
'S i mo dhùrachd tilleadh dhachaidh ;

Chum 's gu'n tòrrar mise 's m' annsachd  
'N Tír nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach.

NOTE.—The above air is deservedly popular in the North-West Highlands. Mr J. A. Robertson, Inverness, agreed to sing it at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society; but unfortunately, I could only remember the chorus of the song, and some efforts to get the original, or any words, were unsuccessful. In order that the air might not be lost to the meeting for want of words, I strung together the above rhymes (retaining the old familiar chorus); and at the request of several parties, who were delighted with the manner in which Mr Robertson sang the song, it is given here.—W. M'K.

## KISS THE DIRK.

WHEN the night mists slowly fled

From lone Buchael's airy head,

Ah! he sought the heath.

Joyous with his hounds he sped,

Pride was in his manly tread,

Love was in his breath :

In the chase with ardour burning,

Coward foemen, valor spurning,

Slew him ; and his hounds, returning,

Howl the tale of death.

Stark and cold our kinsman lies,

Blood for blood his spirit cries,

Shall our hands forbear ?

Hear our maidens' groans and sighs,

Vengeance shrieks ! the foeman dies,

Kiss the dirk ! and swear—

SUNDERLAND.

Widow weeping, orphans wailing,  
Darkness o'er their home prevailing—  
Vengeance ! vengeance ! never-failing,  
Kiss the dirk ! 'tis bare.

Rest not, follow fast the foe ;  
Sleep not, till we lay him low ;

Track him to his lair.

Bold is he who gives the blow,  
Bards shall sing and praise bestow,  
Who the deed shall dare.

Speed ye onwards, night is stealing—  
Speed ye tireless, honour feeling—  
Justice smiles when vengeance dealing,  
Kiss the dirk ! and swear.

WM. ALLAN.